

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

No. 537—VOL. XXI.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1866.

[PRICE 10 CENTS.]

[400 PAGES.
12 WEEKS \$1.00]

"American Enterprise."—The Decline of American Commerce.

Or all idle, empty boasts, that which exalts what is called American commercial enterprise is among the most absurd. In no respect is our vain-glory more pronounced than in our constant gabble about the superior intelligence and enterprise of our "merchant princes." On what do our pretensions in this respect rest? A survey of the commerce of the two Americas, and of the means of communication and intercourse between the various countries composing them, will furnish the best answer.

Let us first take Mexico, our nearest neighbor. In 1855 the commercial exchanges between the United States and that country amounted in round numbers to \$20,000,000. In 1860, before the war, which therefore could not have produced the diminution, our trade had fallen to \$8,700,000, while the total commerce of the country was upwards of \$54,000,000. Of this England had \$33,400,000! "And yet," as has been truly observed, "England, to secure this preponderance of trade, had to pass by our very doors, almost within our own territory."

Next, south of Mexico lie the States of Central America. Taking the direct trade of Great Britain with those States, that is to say that carried on in British vessels, sailing direct between British and Central American ports, and consequently exclusive of that passing the Isthmus of Panama, we find that, for 1860, it amounted to upwards of \$7,000,000, while that of the United States was little over \$1,000,000! The total trade of all countries with Central America in 1859 was \$12,214,000, so that the United States may be said to enjoy less than 8 per cent. of the commerce with that region, of which it should possess the greater portion.

Without going into a special notice of our trade with each State, let us tabulate the totals as regards South America:

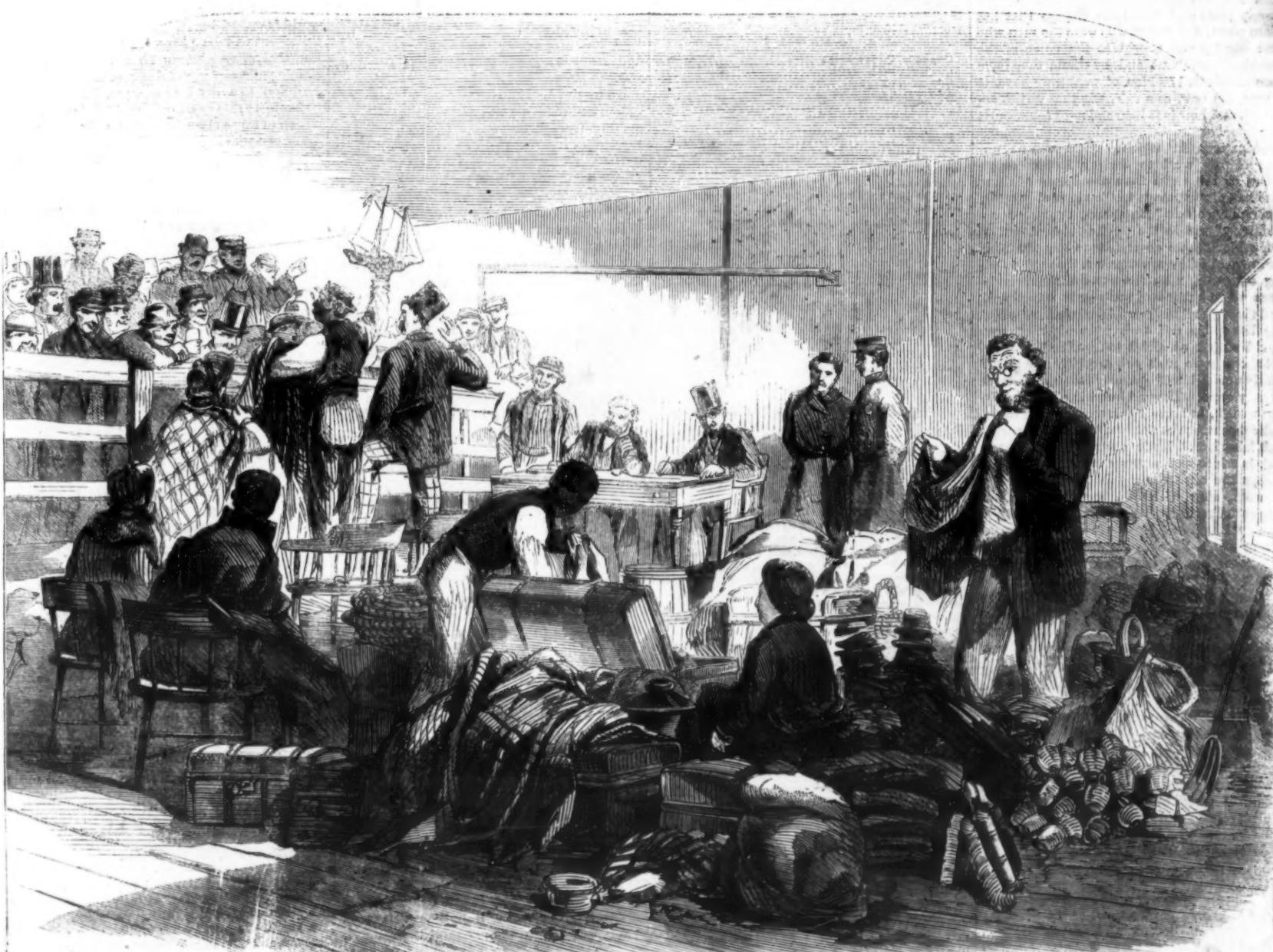
<i>Trade with United States.</i>	<i>With all Countries.</i>
New Granada, 1858, \$4,788,000	\$10,320,000
Venezuela, " 4,869,000	12,235,000
Ecuador, " 13,700	5,349,000
Peru, " 1,686,000	25,968,000
Bolivia, " 57,000	2,782,000
Chile, 1864, 2,300,000	46,109,000
Argentine Rep. 1858, 2,629,000	39,390,000
Uruguay, " 1,200,000	14,890,000
Paraguay " None.	1,616,000
Brazil, " 21,900,000	132,421,000
	\$291,527,000
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About forty millions in a total of a little less than three hundred millions! But this is not the worst; ours is a diminishing commerce with these countries. It is less, by more than one-third, what it was ten years ago. And how, asks the startled reader, is this to be accounted for? Partly, we answer, from the neglect of our Government to foster and facilitate American enterprise, but mainly from the decay and corruption of that enterprise at home.

As regards the Government. As a general rule it sends out to the Spanish-American States, as Ministers and Consuls, a class of wretched, broken-down hacks of politicians, whose chief recommendation, in most cases, is that they have been defeated in their candidacy for the House of Representatives or the Senate, and must, therefore, be "provided for." Rejected by their own constituency, who may be presumed to know them best, they become pensioners on the Government, with little or no regard to their qualifications. In nine cases out of ten they neither know or care anything about the history or condition of the countries to which they are accredited, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are ignorant

of the language of the people among whom it is supposed the are to spread the influence and extend the interests of the United States. Without, consequently, any true appreciation of what they ought to do, or unable from lack of proper qualifications to do it, they often become *ennui* and fall into habits which debase their own character and discredit the United States. Instead of studying the resources and capabilities of the countries in which they reside, and supplying their government and countrymen with information whereon to found a policy or justify intelligent action, they idle away their time, and give faint signs of life only when the day comes round for drawing their quarter's salary.

Partly in consequence of default of data, arising from this cause, and partly because the West and South have never, up to this time, fairly valued the general advantages of foreign commerce, and have narrowly supposed that efforts at its extension were only selfish expedients of the Eastern and Middle States, the Governmental policy has been one of inaction if not indifference. By refusing subsidies to lines of steamers, and by declining to establish



SALE OF STOLEN PROPERTY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.

and extend postal facilities, by faults of omission rather than of commission, the Government has literally thrown the trade and travel of the continent into foreign, and chiefly British, hands. The lines from here to Panama, and thence to California, only escaped the same direction through a paltry postal subsidy grudgingly bestowed.

It is true there has lately been some reform in this respect, as witness the Brazilian and Sandwich Islands and China lines, which reform, it is to be hoped, does not come too late.

The principal cause of our commercial decline, however, consists in the demoralization of our merchants themselves. Dazzled with the prospect of immediate gains, and absorbed with the idea of speedily realizing fortunes outside the old, well-tried and successful methods, in which intelligent enterprise was backed up by steady application and patient industry, and through which new fields and sources of wealth were opened or created, they have become infected with the mania which Wall street has inspired, and are more ready for gambling adventures holding out the possibility of wealth within a twelvemonth, than for those legitimate undertakings which would insure not only wealth but an honorable name, besides supplying a perennial source of national prosperity, within as many years. Where now do we find our people establishing such houses as those which gave the American merchants a name and position, second to those of no other country, in China, India, the Northwest and South-west coasts of the continent, in Mexico, Brazil and on the La Plata? The men who laid deep and strong the foundations of a national commerce are gradually dying out, but their successors do not rise up to "call them blessed." Their sons and grandsons prefer the unhealthy atmosphere and speculative excitements of our great cities, and the fever of the stock market to the apprenticeship of ten years in Shanghai or Rio, through means of which their predecessors acquired the business experience, judgment, and general knowledge, as well as the wealth that justified for them the title of merchant princes. They have not only degenerated, but become demoralized to such a degree that, in their madness of greed, they do not hesitate to gamble away the patient accumulations of their fathers, and incur dishonor and the risks of the Penitentiary. We need not refer to more than one notable example which the last twelvemonth has afforded.

Let those conversant with the business affairs and the business men of this city for twenty years past, recall the change that has taken place, and reflect who were the men who gave dignity and weight to the name of the American merchant, and by whom they have been supplanted? Men of wealth we have, it is true, but how, as a rule, was that wealth acquired, and how is it held and used? Through fraudulent contracts in some instances, through combinations in which capital was as unscrupulously used to destroy honest enterprises or rob them from the hands of those who had carried them to the verge of success, through "corners" in stocks, running "oppositions," not in the public interest, but to compel legitimate companies to buy worthless steamers at extravagant prices, through grinding extortion, with the worst of accommodations when a monopoly was once established, and through all manner of devices from which the honorable and truly public-spirited man would shrink as allied to fraud! These are not the men to seek out carefully and intelligently new fields of commerce or develop those already open. They add nothing to the general wealth, but live by devouring each other, and consuming the accumulations of the weak and laborious. Their property, apparent or real, is a lure and a snare to young men, and excites the old to relinquish their legitimate pursuits, slow of profit, for the dangerous avenues of reckless and unscrupulous speculation. "Death or a Marshal's baton," was the cry of the soldier under the Empire, and "make or break" has become the motto of what is called "business" in New York. Not in New York alone, for the baneful influence of Wall street is pervading every part of the country, and gambling in grain in Chicago is as rife as gambling in stocks in Broad street.

Meanwhile more prudent and far-seeing Englishmen are quickly monopolising the sources whence wealth flows, and turning every till of trade into the great stream which flows in a golden current on her shores. Her capitalists are slowly obtaining control of even our own more important and profitable public works, and carrying abroad the gains that should be distributed here. And yet, in face of all the facts and circumstances we have recounted, men wonder how it is that American trade is declining, and American commercial influence falling away!

The "generous sentiments" of the President are bad things. Beauregard says that they have induced him, "together with many other confederate officers and soldiers to remain in Louisiana." All the worse for Louisiana.

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above water, and where exposed with the greatest resisting power possible, and placed on it a revolving turret, within which heavy guns could be trained on a foe without the delay, difficulty and danger of manoeuvring the vessel so as to bring its guns "to bear." The experience of the war shows that the originality and ingenuity of the North were an overmatch for those of the South. Not a vessel constructed in the South survived an action with the vessels constructed in the North. Not a single "Monitor" was ever penetrated by shot, although some of them were exposed, as in Charleston harbor, to a concentrated fire before which none but the Monitors could have lived for half an hour.

In face of this experience and with a concert which defies all attempts at teaching, the English and French go on constructing iron-clads substantially on the model of their old wooden hulls, as if altered conditions (as we have already said) did not require corresponding changes to meet them.

Russia, however (and here Nemesis comes in), less "hide-bound" than Bull or Crapaud, with a quicker appreciation of actualities, has lost no time in availing herself of the lessons taught, and the experience gained through the American war. Quietly but rapidly she has built an iron-clad fleet, made up mostly of Monitors, which to-day is more than a match for that of England, and which, for defensive purposes, is invincible against that of England and France combined.

Had it not been for the proportions assumed by the rebellion, and which were due wholly to the part taken by Great Britain, American ingenuity and skill might never have been directed toward the solution of the question of armored vessels. Great Britain gave it that direction, and the result has annihilated British supremacy on the ocean. The "wooden walls" of England are of no further avail. Her maritime supremacy is at an end. The paltriest power that can command a few millions of dollars can create a defensive squadron that can laugh at all the fleets England can send into its waters. In endeavoring to divide, cripple and destroy the United States, Great Britain has sounded the knell of her maritime greatness. She no longer "rules the waves." Even Russia is her peer on the water. Verily there is a Nemesis in all things!

A Word to the Wise.

We have often wondered, personally, to think that during the holidays, when all the world is cudgeling its brains to think of something that will be pleasant and original as a gift, that more persons do not settle on that simple yet really grateful gift of a year's subscription to a good newspaper. We do not promulgate this as an original idea, but simply as one of those stern facts that will appear to every one who is at all a thinker. The idea of a year of newspapers—one coming regularly into the household every week—is a means of keeping the memory alive that no other gift can hope to compete with. The sum of money so expended is small, very small when compared with what any ordinarily liberal person would expend in purchasing a gift, and has the satisfaction not only of being a weekly reminder of the giver, but at the end of the year of being a fair volume to be treasured among the home relics for ever.

In saying all this we are, of course, selfish, and desirous of reminding those who really wish to enjoy a good paper, that none can be found equal in all its departments to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. For the sum of \$4, remitted by mail to this office, the person who remits will receive 52 numbers of this paper, which, during the year, will contain about 1,000 engravings and corresponding reading matter, and in the end will bind into a volume of 832 pages.

We feel that we cannot say more than this.

NOTWITHSTANDING the two great reservoirs of Croton water in the Park, and the distributing reservoir in the city, the requirements of New York are not yet satisfied. A new one is to be built at Manhattanville, near Washington Heights, to supply water to parts of the city that cannot be supplied from existing reservoirs. A plot of ground has been selected between 172d and 175th streets, 10th avenue and Harlem river, embracing eight acres, for this purpose. From this water will be carried so high that it can be distributed to the most elevated points on Manhattan Island. A pumping apparatus will be employed to force the water into the reservoir and also into a tank on the top of the tower. The extreme height of the water will be about 350 feet above the tide level. One-tenth of all the persons who may hereafter live in New York, and to whom water cannot be sent from the reservoirs now built, will be provided for by the new works.

An attempt is making, but not prospering, to preserve Bunhill Fields Cemetery, London, from the "encroaching hand of improvement." In it are buried De Foe, author of Robinson Crusoe, Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress, Isaac Watts, the poet, and numerous other world-wide celebrities. It is not unlikely that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will come into possession of the land.

and it is by no means improbable that they may consider themselves justified in disposing of it on building leases, so that the very graven of men who have done so much for Great Britain may be ravaged, and the bones of Bunyan, which, when in life, had little rest, be cast out again. De Foe, whose Robinson Crusoe has done more for England and the world in promoting maritime adventure, and all the fortune that has followed it, than a dozen ministers of state could achieve even if they lived for a century each, may be turned out of his narrow bed. We earnestly trust this infamy may be spared; infamous it would indeed be if the delight of seven generations of men and boys moved them not to spare to his bones the perpetual use of that grave which was bought 134 years ago, under the impression that no one would wrong the dead.

The total production of charcoal and pig iron in the United States, in 1864, was 255,486 tons. There were 39 rolling mills in the country in the same year, making 335,369 tons, but having a capacity of making 732,000 tons.

We quote the following significant lines from the report of the Secretary of War:

"The military appropriations by the last Congress amounted to the sum of five hundred and sixteen millions two hundred and forty thousand one hundred and thirty-one dollars and twenty cents (\$516,240,131 70). The military estimates for the next fiscal year, after careful revision, amount to thirty-three millions eight hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and sixty-one dollars and eighty-three cents (\$33,814,461 83). The national military force on the 1st of May, 1865, numbered one million five hundred and sixteen men. It is proposed to reduce the military establishment to fifty thousand troops, and over eight hundred thousand have already been mustered out of service."

A bold banter has been made in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times* to run the Californian horse Norfolk against Gladateur, the victor of the British and French turf, for \$100,000 in gold, both horses to come to New York. This would involve a voyage of 11 days for Gladateur, and one of 30 days for Norfolk. A writer in the *Spirit of the Times* says that if Gladateur will accept the challenge, and win the race, he can gain money enough to have his statue cast, life size, in solid gold.

In addition to the various proposed amendments of the Constitution which have been brought before Congress, is one submitted by Mr. Stewart, Senator for Nevada, as follows:

"1st. The Union of the States, under this constitution is indissoluble, and no State can absolve its citizens from the obligation of paramount allegiance to the United States.

"2d. No engagement made, or obligation incurred by any State, or by any number of States, or by any county, city, or any other municipal corporation, to subvert, impair, or resist the authority of the United States, or to support or aid any legislative convention or body in hostility to such authority, shall ever be held, voted, or be assumed or sustained, in whole or part, by any State or by the United States."

The decree of the tool of the Emperor Napoleon, in Mexico, establishing *peonage*, which is only another form of slavery, has elicited a complaint, or remonstrance, to headquarters in Paris, from Mr. Seward, to whom, however, the French despot has vouchsafed no answer. We are not informed if Mr. Seward has renewed his complaint, nor can we find out what he proposes to do in case it is treated with "silent contempt." Suppose he should request Gen. Grant to countersign it, thus—"R. S. V. P., U. S. G." We believe an answer would come without unnecessary delay.

The London *Daily News* is not more surprised than are Mr. Buchanan's countrymen that he should write a book, attempting to vindicate his conduct as President during the last year of his administration. The facts of that year are so recent and patent, that no effort to misrepresent or color them, to suit a purpose, can be made successfully, and Mr. Buchanan's book is open to refutation from the recollections of every citizen of the land. The temerity that seeks to dispel the clouds of obscurity that have settled around Wheatland is only adequately punished by the reiteration of the stern sentence already pronounced by an outraged and betrayed people against the cowardice and imbecility of James Buchanan. The President who avows solemnly that a nation may be so involved in formulas that it has no longer the right or ability to live, had better, when his term of office expires, avoid recalling himself to his countrymen.

TOWN GOSSIP.

We remember of a vengeful individual, who, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said:

"I'll have revenge! I'll do something terrible! By Jove, I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

In the same spirit we cannot help saying: "Thank heaven the holidays are over, for now we will have no more the horns until next year."

It is only about holiday time that we really believe that Carlyle was right when he declared that the proper use for boys was to put them in a barrel as soon as they were born, and feed them through the bunghole until they were 17 years old. Then we presume their education would be considered finished, and they were to be released.

But to the subject of tin horns. This execrable custom is one of modern invention, having only been known to the rising generation of bad little boys for the last five or six years. Who was the first inventor or originator of it, history does not tell. We wish it did, that we might hold up his name to eternal infamy. The custom is for every youth of every age, who can raise a ten cent stamp, and the wind to blow it, to buy a tin horn the day before Christmas, which horn he perpetually doth blow from that time until the day after New Year's, when the horn marvellously disappears, and is no more seen among men—or boys. Of all the intolerable nuisances that ever greeted the human ear, the tin horn nuisance is the worst. It has, to people of nervous temperament, made the holidays a time of terror. Imagine a newspaper writer sitting down to concoct his

next day's articles for the press with a concert of tin horns under his window, performed by six young demons in jackets and trowsers, kept up without intermission for perhaps eight hours on a stretch. Delightful, isn't it?

To speak earnestly, we cannot imagine a more senseless, annoying custom than this tin horn business, and we cannot help expressing our wonder that the police do not take the law in their own hands and confiscate them. We have waited in hope for years that some law would be passed in our City Councils making it fineable to sell or blow one of them, the same as laws have been made to abate other nuisances; but the day of deliverance seems deferred, therefore we can only wait and pray that ere another year goes by some philanthropist of our Aldermen or Councilmen who believes in peace and quietness will take the matter in hand and by enactment squelch tin-horn-ism. Whoever it may be, we promise to start a subscription to raise a monument in his honor.

All holidays bring with them especial dissipation, and consequently crime, but those just past have been especially prolific in that way. Shooting is the favorite line of business, and within the week we have had a few cases of it that rather stagger one's belief in civilization.

One case is that of a young gentleman of that City of Churches, Brooklyn, Russ by name, who has reversed the order of things, which seem to be pretty well established since the days of Mary Harris, of Washington notoriety, and took to shooting a young lady, Miss Dayton, who refused to marry him, and though he did not succeed in killing her instantly, her chances for death are very strong. Like all cases of the kind, each party has its story, and each their believers. The young man declares that the lady has treated him with ingratitude and trifled with him, while the lady says that she never promised to marry him, and regarded his attentions only as those of a friend.

Now young ladies should understand that, as society is at present constituted, this having gentlemen friends who pay their board, find them in clothes and knickknacks, is dangerous. To our eyes it looks very much as though the lady in question had made use of Russ, or his pocket, as long as she could, and when he urged the issue upon her of matrimony tried to throw him off relentlessly. That she must have been for a long time aware of his love and his hopes is without doubt, and having been so, she was criminal to allow it to proceed by offering the encouragement of accepting aid from him. If a lady accepts the assistance of a gentleman, it should be to enable her to earn a living, but not take pecuniary aid. Any departure from this rule will inevitably entail trouble.

Another shooting case in Brooklyn which shows the folly, or something worse of human nature, occurred in this wise. A Mr. Smith, a storekeeper, on Christmas Eve, counted over his money in his store just before leaving, in the presence of several of his friends and some strangers, and making up a package of \$1,300 put it in his pocket to carry home, and in spite of the warnings of his friends, started off unarmed. One of his friends who carried a revolver went with him to his house, and there left him, still offering the loan of the pistol, which was refused. At midnight Mr. Smith was roused from his slumbers by a voice demanding:

"Your money or your life!" His wife entreated him to be still, as by the pale light in the room she could see that it was a robber with blackened face and a revolver pointed at her husband. This Smith would not do, but sprang up to grapple with the robber, who fired, and making a grasp for the package of money which was under Smith's pillow, jumped from the window and escaped, leaving Smith a dying man.

It will no doubt be considered harsh when we pronounce this a case of self-murder, but we can view it in no other light.

The only sensation in theatrical matters for the week has been the adding of a new theatre to the list of New York. Miss Lucy Rushton, who will be remembered as making a *debut* at the Olympic some months since, and playing a short engagement, has got up in the space of sixteen days a new theatre. Now, though we do positively object to our established idea on the subject of theatres being so overthrown as to be brought to the belief that they can be got up in sixteen days, yet we cannot help bowing to the necessity and admitting that the thing can be done.

On Saturday, the 23rd of December, Miss Lucy Rushton opened what she calls the New York Theatre, located on the site of the Unitarian Church, lately the Atheneum, on Broadway just opposite the New York Hotel, and between Fourth st. and Astor place, on the east side of the street. There she proposes to give New York the drama, in such shape as it chooses to have it, and in a limited way fill her pocket, which she is *sure* to do as far as the capacity of the house goes, which is not far. We cannot conscientiously say much for the new house. It is small and not gorgeously fitted up. The stage is very limited and so is the company, though among the latter are some good names which New Yorkers will hail with pleasure. That the new theatre will be a success is hardly worth while to say, as anything in the shape of a theatre in New York must be a success now, financially speaking.

At the Academy of Music during the week we have had two representations from the French Company, under the management of M. Paul Juignet and M. Drivet. The first came off on Wednesday, the 27th of December, when Le Bataille de Dames, a comedy in three acts, and Le File de Dominique, in one act, were given. The performances and the company met with an enthusiastic reception, and the general arrangement was of such a description as will, without doubt, enable the directors to continue a series of representations. On Saturday, the 30th, they gave Les Premières Armes de Bichelli and La Partie de Piquet, both of that sparkling French school that keeps the mind alive continually, and, coupled with good acting and good costumes, makes as fair a dramatic evening as can be enjoyed anywhere.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—An elopement from Indianapolis, which took place a couple of months ago, has borne disagreeable fruit. A young and headstrong daughter of one of the "first families" persisted, despite the protests and entreaties of her parents, in marrying a handsome but rather wild young blade. She eloped, married, returned, was reconciled, discovered an incompatibility of temper, was divorced, and is again in the bosom of her family, in the brief period of two months. Rather a rapid experience, even in this fast age, for a young Miss in her "teens."

A New York policeman overhauled a couple of young bloods wending their way home at a late hour, and amusing themselves in passing down Broadway, by upsetting ash-barrels in the street. He gave them their choice, either to shovel the ashes back into the barrels or go to the station-house. "No station-house for us," said the youngsters, and accordingly set to work, the policeman standing by to witness their labor. One did the work very reluctantly; the other in the best-natured manner possible. He politely demanded the officer's name, remarking that possibly some day he might require a recommendation to the Street Department.

The number of males in the United States is 13,685,854 against 13,004,372 females, showing 681,462 excess of males, according to the census of 1860; so that there is now more than a man to every woman in spite of the loss by the war.

Martha's Vineyard is the pride of the Massachusetts people. In the whole country there is no place where liquor is sold openly (very thirsty persons may get it by private contract); the court meets and has nothing to do; lawyers don't flourish.

Bayard Taylor is writing a novel, which has for the hero an American tourist. The New York correspondent of a western paper gives this account of the plot: "The gentleman falls in love with an Italian beauty, he accidentally meets at Rome, in the atelier of an artist for whom she was sitting as a model. The romantic lover is separated from his divinity again and

again; but, at last, after a variety of adventures and romantic experiences, is wedded to her, and the tale ends most felicitously, as it usually does, in the story-books designed for the edification of good little children. There are some art criticisms in the volume that are mentioned favorably by those who have seen the manuscript."

Mr. Pollard, the former editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, and the rebel historian of the late rebellion, proposes to write a new history of the war, which, with felicitous adaptation to circumstances, he entitles "The Lost Cause." He is getting subscriptions to the work throughout the South.

The New York Central Railroad has thirty thousand dollars invested in little brass baggage-checks. Thirty thousand pieces of baggage are sometimes checked at Albany in a single month.

The Academy of Sciences in Chicago has determined to erect a new building at Cottage Grove.

Mary Sawyer, a young lady of Oldtown, Me., was drowned, one day last week. She had been visiting, across the river, and started to go home, in company with a young man on skates, who drew her on a sled, but skated on a hole and drew her after him. He got up on the ice and gave his hand to the young lady, to help her out, when his glove came off and she was carried under the ice and drowned.

A tailor was robbed of \$1,300 in Cincinnati, Ohio. He accosted an acquaintance in the street about it. No reply. Result—arrest and imprisonment. Soon after the thief and the money was found, and the tailor excused the previous arrest for the reason that the gentleman refused to reply, and thus excited suspicion. A suit for false imprisonment follows.

A certain judge in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, who probably had not heard of the proclamation of emancipation, and perhaps not the war, recently sentenced a colored woman to be sold into slavery for two years.

Mr. Samuel Bowles mentions as an excellent feature of banquets at San Francisco, the serving of hot beef tea, with just a smack of claret in it, as a constant refreshment during the evening.

A grape grower on an island in Lake Erie asserts that he has raised this year, from one acre, 18½ tons of Catawba grapes. This acre equalled a California placer.

A lot of handsome furniture, 21 pieces in all, arrived in Richmond one day last week for Mrs. R. E. Lee, a gift from the ex-rebel ladies of Baltimore.

Three respectable, well-to-do men have recently thrown themselves from hotel windows. It ought to be forbidden by law.

A Boston firm sent four flour barrels, full of letters, to the post-office, one day last week, the postage on which amounted to \$500.

President Johnson has positively declined to accept a carriage made for him by the workmen of the army repair workshop, after their working hours, and it has been purchased by Secretary Stanton.

Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat boat of corn. Joe writes to his father thus—"Nu Orleans, June 5—Dear Dad markets is dull and corn mighty lo and Bills dead."

One of the largest farmers in the United States is Mr. Bidwell, of California, the Chairman of the Committee of Agriculture in the House of Representatives. He owns 25,000 acres of land, and last year his wheat crop was 38,000 bushels.

As a specimen of what can be accomplished by the employment of freedmen, Col. J. J. Williams, a planter of Florida, states that with a force of about 100 colored hands he raised during last year from 200 to 250 bales of cotton, each bale weighing 500 pounds.

On Thanksgiving Day, a young lady at Westboro, Mass., after a short acquaintance, married a returned soldier. On the following morning the young bride donned her cloak and bonnet, and evading her husband's questions as to where she was going, left the house, and took the next train of cars out of town. She has not since been heard from.

A letter from Pit Holt City, Pa., speaks of crime as still rampant there. The quietly disposed inhabitants generally stay at home after dark, as it is dangerous to travel the streets at night. A few days since the Post-office was broken open, and the letters therein robbed of money, drafts, &c., of the estimated value of \$250,000.

Foreign.—Glasgow, Scotland, is to be "improved," and 24,450 persons will be turned out of their homes by the operation. This number does not include a goodly population who will be removed by the proposed alteration of 12 streets to be widened.

A paper called the *Flying Dragon Reporter*, has just been started in London. It is to be printed in Chinese characters, and will be circulated in China.

The wettest place in the world is Cheapepoorjee, situated in the Kowsay hills, situated 20 miles from Calcutta. The rain fall at that spot is upward of 600 inches in the year, or 20 times that of the very worst climate of Western Ireland.

Near Chico, in Northern California, is the grave of a rich citizen, buried upon his own farm, whose monument bears this inscription, written by himself: "Thomas M. Wright, lived and died an atheist, fearing no hell, hoping for no heaven—a friend and advocate of mental liberty."

A London letter writer says the English ladies' fashion of dressing the hair is becoming; those two enormous rolls of rats' and hair, which surmount each temple, and make putting on a bonnet an impossibility, have become extinct, and the excrecence which gave such overlike appearance to the back of the neck, is fast disappearance. In its place the ladies have adopted a small roll of their own hair which is bound by a gilt band and adorned with ribbons. The hair in front is crinkled and falls over the forehead in little curls.

The following toast was given at the St. Nicholas banquet recently: "Holland—Land of Dykes and Van Dykes, of brooks and Ten Brooks, of pools and Vander Poools, of schooners and Schoonmakers; land of cities with euphonious names of Saam and Edam, and Amsterdam and Rotterdam; land of cider and Zyder-Zees; proprietor of bottom land on the largest known European scale. Broad-based Holland, hail."

The ear-rings given to a Russian bride in London cost \$40,000.

A ballet queen, in Paris, Mademoiselle Schlosser, famous for beauty and dissipation, has just died at the age of 27.

An incident took place during a party invited by the Venerie de l'Empereur, to shoot over the preserves of the forest of Valence on Brie, near Fontainebleau. Among the sportsmen was the young Marquis de Lignery, a boy of 19. The Master of the Hounds, Gen. Lefort, followed his dogs into a cover of brushwood, when M. Lignery, believing that they had found a buck, fired twice, his gun being loaded with No. 4 shot. The whole contents lodging in the unfortunate general's body. He is literally covered with wounds. With great difficulty, in consequence of his intense sufferings, Gen. Lefort was conveyed to his residence in town, Rue de Crillon. Whether he will recover appears doubtful.

The extraordinary case of Mrs. Janetta Horton Ryves, who claims to be entitled to £15,000, left her by George III. "as a recompense for some trouble she may have experienced through her husband," the late Duke of Cumberland, is shortly to be tried by an English special jury. Mrs. Ryves is now living in poverty, but some friends, who are assured of the justice of her claims, have subscribed money to enable her to prosecute them. The marriage of her mother, Olive Wilmet (afterwards Mrs. Serres), with the duke is attested, on undoubted authority, and the legacy of George III. is equally undoubted; but some years since the Prerogative Court of Canterbury refused probate, on the ground that there was no precedent in England for proving a monarch's will. Eminent counsel are engaged, and the trial will excite no little interest.

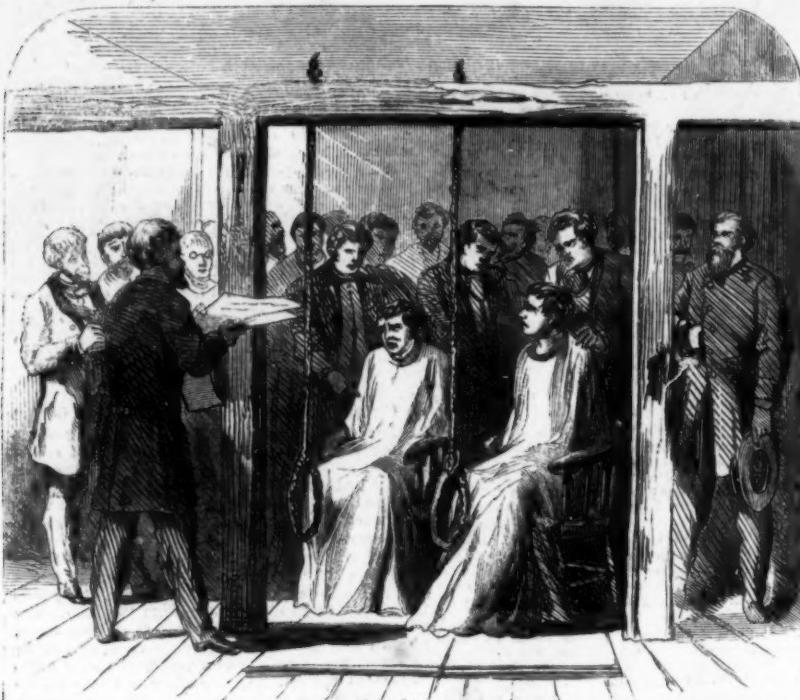
It has been calculated that vendors of roasted chestnuts, to the number of 400, arrive in Paris, from the south of France, in the course of the month of September, and that each of them sells, on an average, 40 bags of chestnuts, weighing 100 kilogrammes each. The bag of chestnuts costs about 33 francs, and is resold in Paris at from 50 to 54 francs, leaving a profit of from 17 to 21 francs. The vendor contrives, out of this small profit to defray the expenses of his journey, to pay rent, and maintain himself during the winter.

A correspondent at Havanna says: "A young man, the manager of an estate, was crossing a river on horseback, and followed by a bulldog, when the howling of the animal caused him to turn his head. What was his surprise to see an alligator, at least nine feet long, carrying off the dog by the neck? The jump of his horse into the water, to attack the monster with his hunting-knife, was the work of a moment. His boldness was successful, for he killed the alligator and saved his dog."

MAKING A CHIEF AMONG THE CLABLUMS.

On Vancouver's Island, a spot that is fast yielding to the foot of the white man, and destined in a little time to be a great commercial point, is a race of Indians called the Clablums. A Mr. Kane, a Canadian artist, has lately visited them, and gives this account of the making a new chief, a mode of election that has this advantage over the vote by ballot, that it is more summary. He says:

Close neighbors to Victoria on Vancouver's Island are the Clablum Indians, a Flathead tribe who have a village on the opposite side of the harbor. They have a peculiar breed of small dogs with long hair. The dogs are bred for the sake of this hair, which is shorn, beaten with goose-down and white earth, twisted by running into threads, and woven upon a rude handloom into blankets. The artist sketched Cheacach, the chief, of whose inauguration he had this account: When Cheacach's father was too old to govern, the son was dismissed for 30 days—fasting and dreaming in the mountains. At the end of



PREPARING PATRICK FLEMING AND WM. CORBETT FOR EXECUTION, AT CHICAGO, FRIDAY, DEC. 15.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. SLIGHWOOD.

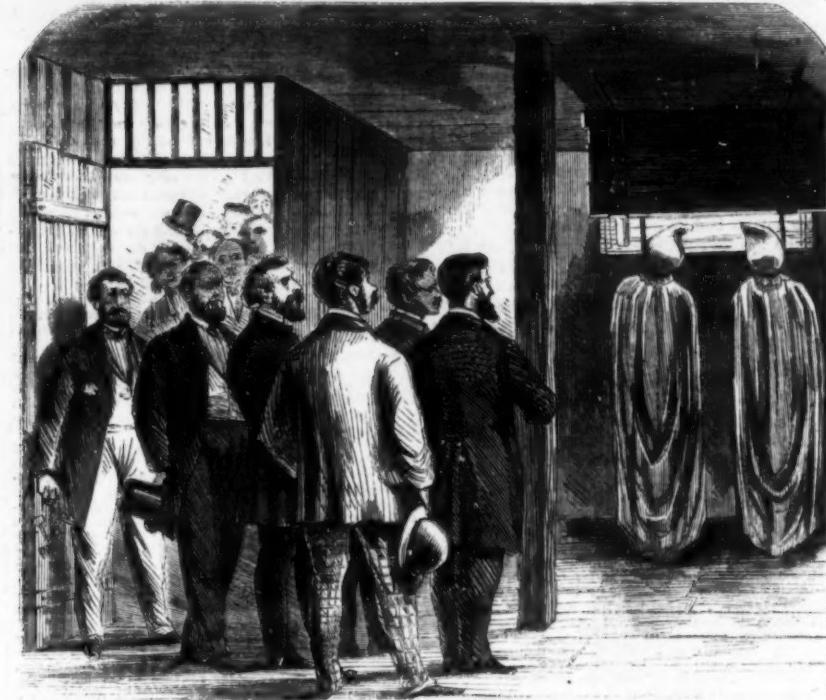
THE HANGING OF FLEMING AND CORBETT AT CHICAGO.

AT three o'clock on Friday, December 15th, Patrick Fleming and William Corbett suffered the extreme penalty of the law, for the murder of Patrick Maloney, about one year ago, at a place called Sand Ridge, about six miles from Chicago.

A little more than a year ago, Fleming, Corbett and John Kennedy, all Irishmen, were encountered in a low drinking saloon by a stranger who, it has been averred by Corbett, contracted with them for the assassination of Patrick Maloney. This portion of the affair is involved still in some degree of mystery, as it is not very positive which of the trio named was the responsible party for the execution of the job. At all events the amount they were to receive would have been about \$16 each, but they say they have never got even this much, indeed none at all, if we are to believe Fleming and Corbett. The assassination determined upon, its plan was deliberately laid, and in that plan and in the manner in which it was carried out it would seem as if these villains had become so hardened by a career of unpunished vice that they neglected any precautions to guard against detection. On the night of the 20th of November, 1864, the Sunday before Thanksgiving in that year, these three murderous scoundrels, enlisted in their service, as their guide to the house of their intended victim, an acquaintance named James Finan. The four accomplices then went together to Philip Brennan's saloon, No. 117 Canal street, and there hired a hack to go to Sand Ridge.

William Gibbons, the hackman, went far enough with them to point out Maloney's dwelling. They reached the house. Roused from sleep by their loud knocking, Maloney came down to the door and demanded who was there. "A friend," one of their voices replied, and they asked admission. He refused to open the door, and they attempted to force it. Fleming had placed Corbett at the side of the door, with a navy revolver in his hand, with directions to shoot Maloney as soon as he could be seen. The door was partially opened, and Corbett snapped his pistol at the man within. Fleming cursed him for not having his pistol in better order. Maloney now desperately strove to shut the door against his murderers, knowing by this time that it was a struggle for life and death, and, no doubt, fearing

more for his wife and little ones, in the event of their entrance, than for himself. Corbett now fired a shot through the door. The pressure against the door from the inside ceased, a body was heard to fall, and a voice cried aloud in agonized tones, "Honora." The practised ears of the midnight assassins recognised this as the death agony of their victim, and one of them exclam-



EXECUTION OF PATRICK FLEMING AND WM. CORBETT, FOR THE MURDER OF PATRICK MALONEY, AT CHICAGO, DEC. 15.

did not seem to be a mitigating circumstance in their case, and trial and conviction followed.

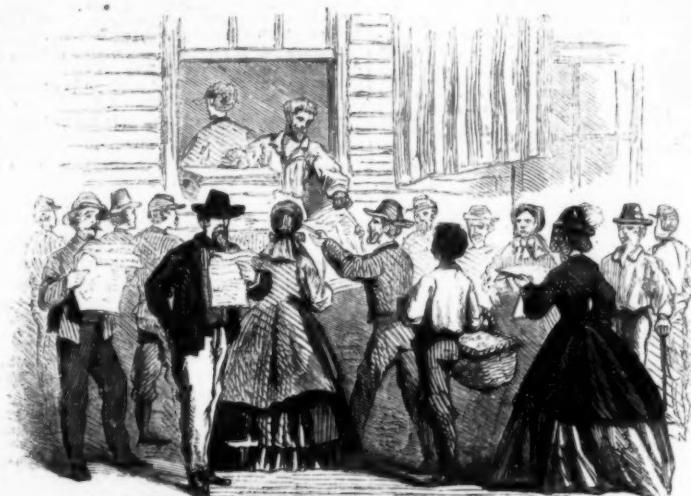
At 2 o'clock on the day of execution they were robed in their cells, and led forth, attended by their respective clergymen, to whom they had made full confession and received the last offices of the church. Both were calm and collected, as though only going through some ordi-

nary ceremony, and listened to the reading of the death warrant with unmoved countenances.

The trap fell at 11½ minutes before 3. The ropes, suddenly drawn to their utmost tension, gave out a dull "thud," and their elasticity even raised the bodies a little way. Then for an instant, they turned and swung sullenly to and fro. After hanging one minute, both bodies were violently convulsed, that of Fleming most. Half a minute later there was a horrible convulsive shuddering of Fleming's body. It seemed to rise and fall as much as a couple of inches in this fearful death agony. This, however, was the last very severe struggle between the departing spirit and its frail tenement of clay. Three-quarters of a minute later both bodies made a convulsive motion of drawing up the legs, and in a quarter of a minute afterwards Corbett's most violent death-struggle took place—a shudder like that of Fleming, but less severe. To and fro, as if swayed by some unseen hand, swayed the now lifeless bodies. All sensation or knowledge of pain on this earth they had now passed for ever, although for as much as a minute later muscular action of both bodies was observable. A step ladder was now raised between them, and at seven minutes before three o'clock Drs. R. L. Ross and J. W. Freer examined the bodies, the former that of Corbett and the latter that of Fleming, and found that all pulsation had ceased, and life was extinct. Both necks were dislocated, as well they might be when caught up on a fall of about six or six and a half feet. The knot on Corbett's neck was brought in front of the ear, and that on Fleming's behind it. Corbett, it will be remembered, died much more easily than Fleming. The former hung 21½ minutes, and the latter 19½.

WINTER IN CALCUTTA.

ONE of the popular delusions which we steadily entertain in this country is that there is no cold weather in India. In the first place, it is absurd to sum up the whole country, which has several varieties of climate, in one sweeping assumption. But in every part there is cold weather, more or less, even though, as in Madras, there is very little of it at any particular season, and your relief from the prevailing heat is principally obtained in the sea-breeze which blows in the evenings throughout the year. But even the Madras Presidency has accessible hills, which are uninhabitable only when too cold; while in the plains, in the northwest, and the Punjab, there is winter to this extent—that, during four months or so in the year, you may make ice sufficient to last for domestic purposes during all the hot weather. In Calcutta there is nothing like this state of things; and, in the race for ice, the Presidency would be nowhere, but for the American ships,

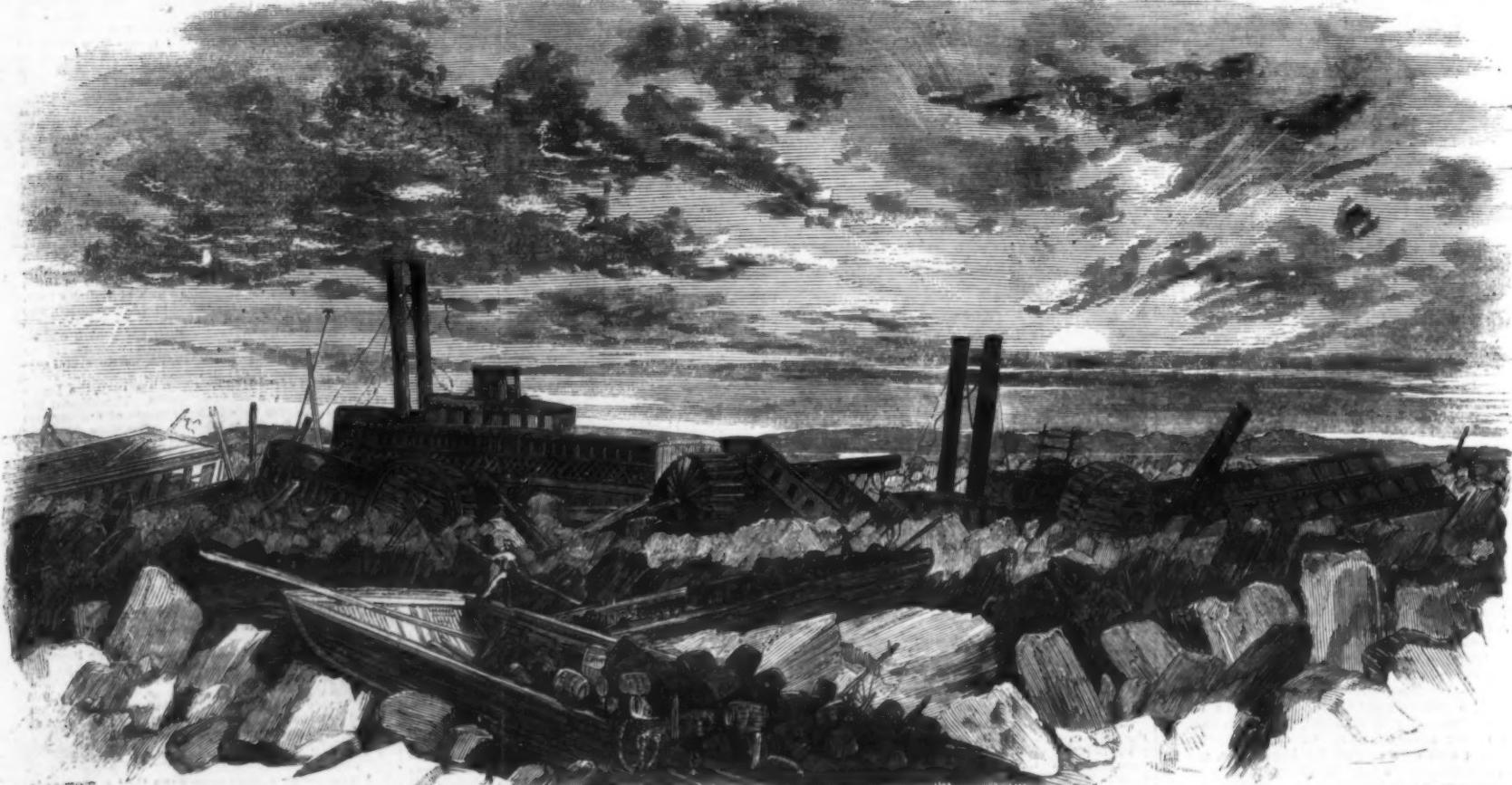


THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION DISTRIBUTING NEWSPAPERS TO SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

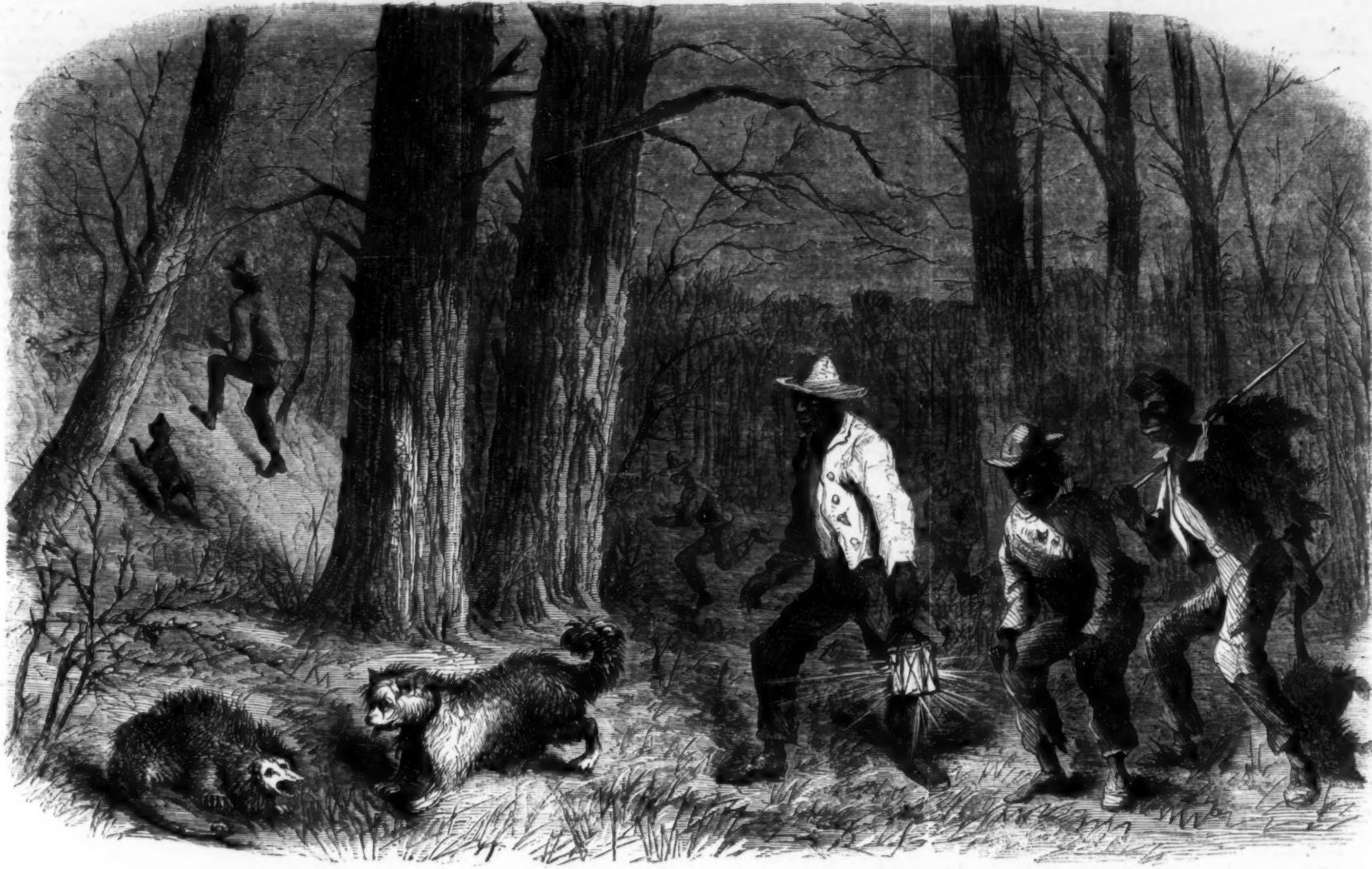
ing, "Come along, that will do," they hastily glided away along the fence and disappeared.

For a long time this murder was a mystery, and the police could make nothing of it, but at last a clue was got, and Gibbons, the hackman, was arrested, which was quickly followed by the arrest of Fleming and Corbett, but not until they had attacked and dangerously shot and stabbed the officers on that duty. There

was a mitigation in their case, that they had been acting under orders, and that they had been paid for their services. The trap fell at 11½ minutes before 3. The ropes, suddenly drawn to their utmost tension, gave out a dull "thud," and their elasticity even raised the bodies a little way. Then for an instant, they turned and swung sullenly to and fro. After hanging one minute, both bodies were violently convulsed, that of Fleming most. Half a minute later there was a horrible convulsive shuddering of Fleming's body. It seemed to rise and fall as much as a couple of inches in this fearful death agony. This, however, was the last very severe struggle between the departing spirit and its frail tenement of clay. Three-quarters of a minute later both bodies made a convulsive motion of drawing up the legs, and in a quarter of a minute afterwards Corbett's most violent death-struggle took place—a shudder like that of Fleming, but less severe. To and fro, as if swayed by some unseen hand, swayed the now lifeless bodies. All sensation or knowledge of pain on this earth they had now passed for ever, although for as much as a minute later muscular action of both bodies was observable. A step ladder was now raised between them, and at seven minutes before three o'clock Drs. R. L. Ross and J. W. Freer examined the bodies, the former that of Corbett and the latter that of Fleming, and found that all pulsation had ceased, and life was extinct. Both necks were dislocated, as well they might be when caught up on a fall of about six or six and a half feet. The knot on Corbett's neck was brought in front of the ear, and that on Fleming's behind it. Corbett, it will be remembered, died much more easily than Fleming. The former hung 21½ minutes, and the latter 19½.



THE ICE GORGE AT ST. LOUIS, MO., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16—DESTRUCTION OF SEVENTEEN STEAMERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN W. BELL.



OPOSSUM HUNTING IN MARYLAND.—FROM A DRAWING BY G. PERKINS.

which bring over enough to keep the population in skating, if it could be adapted to that purpose. But, still, Calcutta has its winters, as cold as occasional mild winters in this country; when, though the days are usually bright, the nights are damp, and chilly, and misty, and sometimes foggy to a fault; when you are glad of a fire at home, and have to go abroad in your thickest coats; when you get coughs, and colds, and ailments that settle on the lungs; and, in fact, have most of the seasonable enjoyments of home, including storms, which come on with a suddenness and a violence unknown in these prosaic regions.

It is one of the latter that is depicted in the accompanying sketch. But do not suppose, for a moment, that the artist means to give us an illustration of the late cyclone, which is, happily, a visitation of a kind very seldom known. Any respectably severe storm,

during either the rains or the cold weather, will produce the effects here portrayed. During the rains nothing is more common, after a deluge all day, than an accommodating state of the atmosphere towards evening—say at four or five o'clock—which tempts people abroad. Things, in fact, look quite charming; nobody has any fears either for their horses or themselves; carriages are ordered in a hundred homes, and crowds sally forth to enjoy a little of the beauty of nature before the inevitable advent of dinner and the surrender of their free will to the domestic four walls until bedtime. For it is remembered Calcutta is not a place where people can always find places of amusement wherein to disport themselves after the meals of the day. Men can go in search of possible billiards, especially those who belong to a mess; but for ladies there is very little relaxation to be found out of doors, and the majority of them

do not attempt to discover any beyond the limits of private parties. They are, therefore, doubly anxious to take the air during the afternoon, if the air will only allow them; and it continually happens that they are too confiding in appearances.

The storm always seems to wait until nearly everybody is out, and then it bursts forth with a vengeance. All is smiling and serene, when clouds are seen gathering ahead, and then great claps of thunder seem to split the sky, which is illuminated from time to time by lightning, of which it would be difficult to form an idea from the feeble attempts at such demonstrations as are seen in this country. The rain, too, descends, not in lines, as we see it here, but in streams; the sky, instead of yielding it in regular order, pouring it down even in masses.

At the first intimation of the outbreak the horses'

heads are all turned towards home; and as everybody lives in the same quarter, and everybody has driven out much in the same direction, the spectacle has all the animation of a contested race. Occasionally you hear of a carriage being completely overturned by a sudden squall; and facetious people declare that upon one occasion, when a lady was thrown out, she lay so long exposed to the drenching downfall, that her hair turned its color to that of a peacock—a change which, however, we are not prepared to say is the usual effect of a copious immersion.

Being caught in a storm of the kind, too, is always the more annoying, owing to the fact that, no sooner have you got home and into dry clothes, than Nature begins to smile again—with something of a grin, surely, this time—and ten minutes afterwards there is a general “clear up,” the sky looking so beautiful in reflecting the setting sun that the prospect of bad weather for any time to come seems utterly out of the question.



WINTER IN CALCUTTA.

FARTHER FROM THE GOLDEN SHORE.

BY J. W. WATSON.

They led me to my brother's side,
Tis full a score of years ago,
I saw how much my mother cried,
The cause of grief I did not know;
They raised the white sheet from his face,
I marked its pallid, marble hue,
And, by my mother's close embrace,
The first sad tale of death I knew.

But still my untaught, baby heart
Received the tale of death in vain;
Too well I knew we dwelt apart,
Yet still I thought he'd come again.
For days and weeks, with anxious eyes,
I asked my mother why he slept;
My words but brought the same replies—
She only kissed my lips, and wept.

One day there came a whispered word,
That he would come no more to me,
But that, like some imprisoned bird,
Myself would wander far and free;
That if a stainless past were mine,
Upon a bright, unfading shore,
Whenever I thin life resign,
Would meet to part for never more.

Content was I; with tender care
His little toys and pets I kept,
And took them to the churchyard, where
My darling brother soundly slept.
I sat and whispered to the grass
My little heart's most secret store,
And many a sigh I heaved, alas!
Because I had not loved him more.

His little garden, full with flowers,
I tended, with a love that seems
The poem of my childhood's hours—
I thought he'd know it in his dreams.
I sowed his name and mine in seed,
That sprang in beauty, twining high,
Forgetting, in my loving greed,
That even things of beauty die.

But sadly, as the years went round,
I gathered wisdom on my way,
And in my very loving found
That meeting farther day by day.
I found—ah, me!—that childhood's feet
Are ever wandering by that shore,
But that each coming year we meet
In whispering never, never more.

Oh, for the days of baby love!
When, by his little grave, I lay
And looked towards that golden shore
That did not seem so far away.
But now, with years and worldly care,
My heavenly sight has grown so dim,
That, though I see my brother there,
My hope is small of joining him.

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

It was in compliance with the mandate of my medical man that I found myself late one autumn, about a dozen years ago, at the little town of Quimper, in Brittany, surrounded by the usual impediments of a married man on his travels. Not, indeed, that I intended my journey to extend much further at that time, for I had taken a fancy to the quaint old-world Breton country, and so long as I escaped the keen easterly winds of our English winter, I had free choice left me to pitch my tent for the next few months at whatever spot I might think best; and it seemed, both to myself and to those who were with me, that we might go further and fare worse.

When it was understood throughout the little town—and news of any kind seems to spread faster among our vivacious neighbors than among our more phlegmatic selves—that the English family at the *Lion d'Or* were in want of respectable country lodgings, we were literally inundated with offers of the most diverse kinds, and all more or less ineligible; ranging from a couple of lofts over a stable to the huge château of a provincial magnate, more suited to the pocket of a millionaire than that of a poor painter; matters came to such a pass before long, that we could not venture as far as the market-place without being beset by two or three applicants, all eager to welcome us under their roof-trees, so that we were obliged after a time to meditate a secret flight, but were saved that necessity at the last moment, and capitally suited into the bargain.

About eighteen miles from Quimper there stands, or stood at the time of which I speak, for of its after fate I have no knowledge, an old-fashioned house of considerable size, with high-pitched roofs, twisted chimneys, and dormer windows, known, appropriately enough, as *Maison Gris*. Gray enough it certainly was—a grim, melancholy house, with a sort of desolate pride about it, like that of a decayed gentleman who cannot forget his better days; but wonderfully comfortable and home-like within doors. It stood fronting the south, surrounded by a piece of ground, half garden, half orchard, and more wilderness than either; before it the highroad, that swept round to the left, and then dipped into a little hollow, where a hamlet lay snugly hidden; behind it, a stretch of undulating meadow, that swept gently upward to where a fringe of poplars crowned the horizon; beyond which were more fields, sloping downward till you reached the ever-shifting sand-dunes and the green waters of the Channel.

Maison Gris was two hundred years old, and had never belonged to but one family. Of this family, which pertained to the class of what we in England should call gentlemen farmers, the last scion preferred the gay salons of Paris to the quiet home of his ancestors, and had long been desirous of finding a tenant for the old house, and

increasing thereby his somewhat limited income. The rent demanded was moderate in amount, and as we could find no other place that promised to suit us equally well, a bargain was quickly struck; and three days later, ourselves and baggage were comfortably installed in our new home. The house, to be sure, was far too large for the requirements of our small family, which consisted only of myself and wife, and our little girl, Mim, eight years old; my wife's sister, and two stout Breton lasses to wait upon us; but we put such of the rooms as we did not require under lock and key, and feminine tastes soon gave the others a comfortable homelike appearance.

Our life at *Maison Gris* was, of necessity, a very quiet one; many people might have called it a dull life, but we did not find it so. Our mornings were variously occupied: my wife's in looking after the needful domestic economies; Laura's in instilling into Mim's mind some of those multifarious items of knowledge which go to form the sum of a modern young lady's accomplishments; while I worked on steadily at my great picture, growing more in love with it from day to day, as bit by bit, the idea I was striving to work out took shape and color under my brush. Our afternoons were spent mostly on the sands; and music, chess, and reading charmed away the evening hours. We had brought a tolerable box of books with us, and an intermittent shower of newspapers and periodicals kept us from stagnation, and told us how the busy world was wagging.

I had chosen one of the best apartments in the house for my painting-room. It had been the dining-saloon once on a time, and had a large mulioned window fronting the north, consisting of small diamond-shaped panes set in lead, with thin iron bars running across at intervals, and having the family lozenge let in, high up, in painted glass. After the fashion of the period from which this window dated, a small casement opened out of its middle compartment; but the hasp of this casement being defective, Mim had found out a ready way of opening it from the outside by means of a bit of crooked wire; and sometimes when I was busy with my brush and pallet, the maid would cease from trundling her hoop in the garden, and wait with her nose pressed against the window for the encouragement of a nod or a half smile; taking which as permission, she would manipulate for a few moments with her bit of crooked wire, which she kept on the sill outside ready for such emergencies, till the hasp yielded, and the casement opened, then she would creep demurely through, and steal on tiptoe to my side. Two doors opened into this room; one from a corridor which ran through the lower part of the house, the other from a corner of the verandah which led by a descent of two or three steps into the garden. Why I am thus particular in my description of this room will appear by and bye.

My great picture, as I have called it, and which I had fully determined in my own mind should be an advance on all my previous efforts, was a scene from the "Lady of Shalott," where the boat, which the poor lady has found under the willows, is floated by the tide, with its silent burden, into "many-towered" Camelot, and "knight and burgher, lord and dame" crowd on to the wharfs, marvelling who this may be. But besides this, I had another picture on hand, to which I could turn for relief when the necessity for change came upon me.

This second picture was a commission of my friend Sir Richard Thornfield, at whose house in the Peak I had been staying a short time previously, and had reference to a rather singular legend which had been current in his family for several centuries, for the Thornfields were quite ancient enough to have an apparition of their own, and however lightly they might seem to regard it, you could not touch them on a more tender point than by attempting to ridicule the family ghost. As is usual in such cases, the apparition never appeared except as a presage of death to some important member of the family; but there was this peculiarity about the Thornfield ghost, that it was never seen in proper person, but merely the reflection of it in a mirror. Suddenly, when you were quietly shaving, or arranging your cravat before the glass, you would see the reflection of a ghastly woman's face staring over your shoulder at your own face in the glass, with such a stony, merciless glare in its unwinking eyes, as would for the moment freeze your very life-blood. Horror-struck, you would turn round to see nothing; and when your eyes wandered instinctively back to the glass, the dreadful thing would be gone, not to re-appear, perhaps, for several years.

But it was one instance in particular of the appearance which my friend was desirous that I should illustrate with my brush. The incident in question happened about eighty years ago, on the eve of the wedding-day of one of the daughters of the house. The baronet showed me her portrait in the gallery—sweet young creature of eighteen summers, still, after all these years, looking out at the world with tender, serious eyes, in which one could not but fancy there was some presage of the sad fate in store for her. The morrow was to be her wedding-day, and late in the evening, she crept upstairs to her dressing-room to try on some of the pretty things in which she was to be appalled the next morning.

The white gauzy robe had been tried on and approved, and she was just in the act of winding a string of pearls into her hair, when, all at once, she saw the dreadful face, with its Medusa eyes, staring intently over her shoulder at her own face in the glass. The smile died on her lips, and the gladness out of her eyes, as she looked. She turned and fled to her mother's room, to lose sense and motion the moment she felt herself within the shelter of those protecting arms, and in less than a week she was dead.

Such was the episode which my friend was desirous that I should depict. I had brought with me a sketch of the young lady's face, being desirous that my picture should be as accurate as possible.

sible in every particular; although hers was a face that, once seen by an artist, would not readily be forgotten. As if it had been put there to aid the purpose I had in view, I found in the state-bedroom of *Maison Gris* an old-fashioned cheval glass, that with, its fantastic framework of carved oak, nothing could have been more appropriate for the background of my picture. I at once caused it to be transplanted to my painting-room, and there it stood for several months, generally with a sheet of green baize thrown over it to keep it from the dust.

When tired of the company of her ladyship of Shalott, I turned to my "ghost-picture," as Mim called it, by way of variety. Then was the glass unsheathed, and Laura, my wife's sister, would pose herself before it, as in the act of twining a string of pearls in her hair, while I transferred to my canvas the outline of her figure, the turn of her little head, the flowing masses of her chestnut hair, with the up-curved arms and the taper finger holding the pearls.

The two faces as seen reflected in the glass—that of the apparition peering blue-white over the bride's shoulder, and the girl's own face—I left till the last, or, rather, was waiting till some moment of inspiration should lend my fingers the necessary power to represent clearly on canvas the two faces as I saw them in my own mind.

Among the minor virtues of civilised life, that of early rising ought surely to be considered as one; and now that I was in *vilegiatura*, I fell back upon a primitive division of time such as may still be operative in far away country places, but which it would be quite impossible to observe amid the countless employments and distractions of life in town. Thus, it not unfrequently happened that I rose with the first streak of daylight, and taking a couple of biscuits in my pocket, set out for a six miles walk, getting back in time for our early breakfast, after which I generally felt myself in tune for a good spell of hard work.

One autumn morning I got up as I had often done before, just as the sky was beginning to purple with the coming day, and slipping quietly downstairs, I opened the front door, and stood for a moment or two on the steps, enjoying the delicious freshness of the morning. While standing thus, the thought came into my head that it would be as well to take a peep into my painting-room, and see that everything was right there.

On leaving off work the previous evening, I had left open the door leading into the verandah, in order that the room might be purified by morning from the smell of some turpentine which I had accidentally split. This door I had afterwards forgotten to shut before going to bed, and the idea now struck me, that it would be as well to see that no stray cat or dog had been playing any pranks among my brushes and colors during the night.

The door leading from the verandah into the painting-room was at an opposite angle of the house from that at which I was now standing, so I descended the steps leisurely, and walked across the grassplot towards it, noticing as I did so, what I had never noticed before, that the old house looked older and grayer, showed the scars and brunts of age more clearly by that cold half-light of early morning than when seen at any other time, even under the bright sun of midday. As I stepped under the verandah, I saw with some surprise that the door in front of me was shut. It was a swingdoor that shut of its own accord unless fastened back, and on leaving it over night, I had propped it open with a chair, but the chair was now gone, and the door closed.

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lid had been lifted off my sarcophagus; a tender radiance shed by invisible lamps pervaded the vast apartment, and although I was unable to move my head and look round, I could gaze upward, and my eyes in their wandering circuit took in a considerable span of the flat roof overhead.

On this roof were painted in vivid colors countless Egyptian symbols of gigantic size: the bull, the cat, the crocodile, the ibis and the beetle, were represented again and again, together with innumerable other symbols, all of which seemed strangely familiar to me. Suddenly, while I was staring at the roof, I saw that the keystone was wanting, and that the whole immense fabric was slowly collapsing, gradually settling down, and must before long crush me, who lay directly under the apex of the pyramid—yes, crush me under the weight of a hundred thousand tons. Already, here and there, great cracks were beginning to show themselves; the lamps, too, no longer burned so brightly; the roof seemed to be creeping down the walls, as though it were being let down by chains from above; every moment the air of the chamber was growing hotter and more stifling; every moment the deadly weight upon my chest was becoming more unbearable. Why had I been reserved for a fate so horrible—I, the last man left alive on all the earth? How had I sinned so greatly, that after a sleep of three thousand years, I should awake to the consciousness of a doom so dreadful? It was nearly upon me now, that terrible roof, with its gigantic figures, red, black and blue, whose strange lifelike eyes stared so intently into mine. I could almost have touched it with my hand, had I been free.

Even now there was time to escape, if only those horrible cerebrants did not hold me so tightly. One last effort for life, though my heart should burst in the attempt. What rapture! The mummy-cloths were giving way, yielding one after another; and now but one remained—the one that bound my chest so tightly as almost to suffocate me. In a moment, that too was gone. My heart gave a great throb of relief, and at once the whole vision faded into utter darkness, and with a groan, I opened my eyes, and came back to the affairs of real life.

Where had I been, and what had happened to me? Ah, the tiger! I remembered everything now. But even this reality, bad as it was, seemed hardly as terrible as the doom which threatened me in my dream, if a dream it could be called. That dull, dead weight upon my chest, which even in my half-conscious state had seemed ponderous enough to gradually crush the breath out of me, was nothing more or less than the immense paw of the animal in whose power I now was, and the shifting of it had broken my vision just at the point where endurance ends, and madness or death supervenes.

In that first moment of semi-consciousness, after opening my eyes, I groaned slightly, and tried to turn over; but scarcely had I stirred a limb, when the tiger, which was crouching on the floor close to my shoulder, put forth his paw again, as though afraid I were going to escape him, and brought it down on the upper part of my right arm; at the same moment his claws shot from their sheaths like so many hidden poniards, and penetrated through the thick cloth of my shooting-coat deep into my flesh. A shriek of anguish involuntarily escaped my lips, to which the beast responded with a muffled roar; and then, for the second time, I fainted.

My poor, scattered wits, on dragging themselves painfully together for the second time, seemed intuitively cognizant of the danger that beset me. Every nerve and fibre in my body seemed to whisper "Beware!" I was conscious of the presence of my terrible adversary before I opened my eyes; I felt that to move even an arm or a leg might be my death-warrant; I lay there like one dead, slowly gathering my energies to meet the ordeal still before me. At length I ventured to open my lids a little way, and to take a silent observation of the enemy, and of my own position. The tiger was still crouched at full length within a couple of feet of my right shoulder, one paw protruded a little further than the other, ready, doubtless, to grasp me again, in case of any sudden movement on my part. He was a splendid brute, full grown, to all appearance, and gaily striped, after the fashion of his family; and under almost any other circumstances, I should have admired him hugely. Every quarter of a minute or so he gave his huge tail a slow, solemn whisk, bringing it down with a dull thud on the uncarpeted floor. It seemed to me, but perhaps I was too fanciful, that there was a look of quiet satisfaction, of grim enjoyment about him, as he lay thus, gazing at me through contracted lids, with eyes of yellowish green, that never wavered or turned away for a single instant. He seemed to feel himself so thoroughly master of the situation, that he was in no hurry to proceed to extremities. Perhaps it was gratifying to his feelings to find one of the hated race of men so completely in his power. Occasionally, he opened his mouth to its fullest extent, and yawned silently; and it makes me shudder even now when I remember the terrible array of teeth visible at such times. Once and again, he would give his lips an anticipatory lick with his great red tongue, while his whiskers quivered like those of a cat that is watching a bird.

It was broad daylight by this time, and such of the familiar features of the room as I could see without stirring my head, were just as they had been left last night. The tiger, which I could only conclude to have escaped from some menagerie, had doubtless come prowling about the house in search of shelter, and finding the studio door invitingly open, had walked in, overturning the chair in his passage, and had made for himself a snug lair on some discarded drapery in one corner, till roused by my entrance. But for my carelessness in leaving open the door of the painting-room, I should never have found myself in this sad plight.

Instead of being close to the door by which I was standing when the tiger sprang upon me, I now found myself lying on a square of Persian carpet, and in close proximity to the second door, which opened out of a corridor in the house. Immediately opposite to me, on the other side of the room, was the large old-fashioned window of which I have already spoken, towards which the tiger's back was now turned. In a direct line between the tiger and the window, supported by two wooden uprights, and covered with green baize, stood the cheval glass, behind which the window was partly hidden, one side only of it being visible from where I lay. All this time I had been gathering up my energies to meet the fate that loomed so imminently before me with whatever of courage and composure was possible to me. My chances of escape seemed very faint indeed, but none the less did I keep revolving one scheme after another in my brain—never throbbing with a fuller life than in that hour of my extremity—only to reject them one by one as utterly hopeless. Alas! for me there seemed no help on earth.

A dull vague despair, in spite of my efforts to the contrary, was beginning to settle down over my soul, when, bringing my eyes to rest once more on the brute beside me, I saw, with a thrill of hope, that those unwavering eyes had closed at last. He was asleep, with one paw laid against my shoulder, ready to grasp me should I offer to stir. A small matter, truly, to cause me to thrill with hope, but I could not help accepting the fact, trifling as it was, as an angury of good promise. Lightly and delicately the tiger slept—as lightly as any maiden dreaming of her lover, and waiting for his coming. I ventured to open my eyes a little wider, and a moment afterwards a sight met my gaze which stirred my soul to its very depths, and would have drawn from me some cry or movement of surprise, had not the painful lesson of a few minutes before been still fresh in my memory. What I saw was the white agonized face of my wife peering in through that corner of the window not hidden by the cheval glass, and Laura's face, scarcely less anguished, gazing over her shoulder. They had discovered my dangerous position; would they be able to help me? My wife's eyes and mine met in a long, yearning, heartfelt gaze across the little space that kept us asunder. I had learned to read the language of those dear eyes years before, and their meaning was plain to me now. They told of love and pity, in a way that no mere words could have done, and yet breathed, within, a spirit of hope and consolation almost divine, as though wishing me not to forget that both her and mine were in the hands of a merciful Power, without whose permission not even a sparrow can fall to the ground.

Suddenly, Laura whispered something in my wife's ear, and a flash passed over the faces of both. Then Laura held up her hands in a way that made me grasp her idea in an instant. She was going to communicate with me by means of the manual alphabet—called by some people "the deaf and dumb alphabet," with which we were both acquainted. One by one I spelled out the words as she formed them, letter by letter, with her fingers. Her first communication ran thus:

"Courage. We are praying for you on our hearts, and working for you with our heads. We are trying to devise some means of rescue, and do not despair of success."

Then they both kissed their hands to me, and went back out of sight. I knew that they would come again in a little while; that they had merely left me in order to talk over some scheme of escape. But what chance of escape was there indeed for me? None, none that I could discern.

Presently they returned, and Laura had Mim in her arms, whom she lifted up to look through the window at poor papa. The child was frightened when she saw the great brute beside me, and turning away, put her arms round her aunt's neck, and burst into sobs. A low growl from the tiger warned us all that the least disturbance might be fatal to me. Laura took the child away, but my wife remained by the window, her hands clasped one in the other, her head drooping against the stonework, gazing at me through the panes with tearless despairing eyes. In a little while Laura and Mim came back; and Mim, no longer terrified, now looked through the window at me, and smiled and kissed her hand. Then came another message, worked out by Laura's nimble fingers:

"We have thought of a plan, which, with Heaven's help, we hope will succeed. Lie perfectly still, and do not be surprised at anything you may see or hear. God bless you!"

A minute or two later, my ears, preternaturally alert during those terrible moments—indeed, all my senses at that time seemed to be preternaturally alive—detected a faint rasping sound, which I had heard many a time before, only this time it was fainter and more cautious than usual. It was the noise made by Mim when she opened the casement from the outside by means of her piece of crooked wire. Faint as the noise was, the tiger pricked up his ears, and gave utterance to another low, deep-throated warning. The noise ceased for a little while, to commence again about a minute later; and this time the beast did not deign to notice such a petty interruption of the prevailing quietude. In a little while the noise ceased, but whether the casement was now open or shut I had no means of judging, hidden from view as that part of the window was behind the cheval glass. But even if they had succeeded in opening the casement, in what way could that fact conduce to my deliverance? Had I even possessed the tiger's full permission to use such a mode of exit, the casement was far too small to admit of my passing through it.

Laura coming back to the window, telegraphed to me for the third time with her fingers:

"All is prepared. Wait and be silent. Our hearts are with you."

Dear ones! that their hearts were with me, I never for one moment doubted; nor that whatever womanly wit, sharpened by the most devoted love, could do for my deliverance, would be accomplished by those two!

My wife, Laura, and Mim were now all gone, and I was left alone with the sleeping tiger. A short space of the most intense silence followed, and then my ear, hungering anxiously for some sound, detected a faint rustling in the direction of the window, but so faint, so like a whisper of silence itself, that in any ordinary mood it would not have reached my senses at all. Although his eyes were still closed, and he was to all appearance asleep, I saw, by a slight pricking of the tiger's ears, that the noise had not been unnoticed by him. It was with a feeling of sickening anxiety, which I should vainly try to describe, that I awaited whatever might happen next.

Suddenly my heart gave a great bound, and I felt that there was some one in the room beside myself. There had been no noise, no movement, further than the one of which I have just spoken, and yet all at once I knew that I was not alone—knew it by some delicate, intuitive sense, by some subtle, spiritual affinity between myself and the intruder, which is as much a mystery to me now as it was then. The tiger, too, seemed to have had his suspicions aroused. First, his whiskers twitched nervously; then he half-opened his heavy lids, and glared at me with his yellow-green eyes, in which there was a smouldering ferocity that might leap into a blaze any moment; while his tail began to curve uneasily, and from his cavernous throat there issued a muffled growl of menace, long drawn out. Oh, the soul-wearing anxiety of those few moments! Even now I shudder when I recall them.

With half-shut eyes I watched and waited. The intense silence of the room was unbroken. At once, without any warning sound or intimation of what was coming, I saw a wee white hand and slender white arm protruded from behind the cheval glass. "Great heaven!" I cried to myself, "that is the hand and arm of my darling Mim!" and my eyes blurred over with tears, and all my heart went forth in a great silent cry to heaven to protect and save my child.

When I could bear to look again, the hand and arm were gone, but the object for which so much had been ventured was safely accomplished. Fastened to the curtain of green baize which covered the cheval glass were two brass rings, and to one of these rings Mim's little hand had now succeeded in hooking a thin cord; so much I at once discovered, although for what purpose the cord had been thus attached, I was utterly at a loss to conceive. I was, however, far too anxious just then regarding Mim's safety to give more than a passing thought to any other subject, however strange. But so cautious, as well as brave, was my little darling, that not the faintest sound betrayed her presence, till, as I was afterwards told, she had reached the casement, and was about to be drawn through it by her aunt, when her foot slipped, and her head coming in contact with the stonework of the window, she gave utterance to a low cry of pain. That cry thrilled through me; but no sooner did the tiger hear it than he started up with a roar that seemed to shake the room, and the same instant the claws of his right foot buried themselves in my shoulder, only to be withdrawn the next moment, so as to enable him to turn himself round, which he did with one sudden swing of his huge body, standing now with his face to the cheval glass and the window, from which point he evidently sniffed danger. Fortunately, he did not attempt to go near the window, otherwise poor Mim's fate must have been sealed before she could have escaped through the casement. As it was, the brute contented himself with standing directly over my body, and giving utterance to a series of terrific roars, such as might well have made the stoutest heart in my position quail with fear. Did some instinct dimly apprise him that he was in danger of losing his prey—that the dainty dinner of man-flesh which he had made his own so easily, and over which he had luxuriated for the last hour or two, dwelling in imagination on the delicious feast to come, was about to be spirited from him? Be that as it may, the tiger was quiescent no longer; the cry of my fate, either for salvation or destruction, was evidently at hand.

Mim was safe by this time; I had a glimpse of her white face as the Breton nurse hurried with her past the window; and I could now afford to turn my mind to the consideration of my own danger; and truly my prospect of deliverance seemed at that moment a faint one indeed. The tiger's suspicions were thoroughly aroused. He had now taken to walking round and round me in an unending circle, sniffing at me from time to time, and growling to himself, while I lay with shut eyes simulating death as closely as possible. Suddenly he stopped in his walk, and fell back a pace or two from me; and at the same instant there burst from his throat a loud snarling yell, half of rage and half of fear. The cord hooked on to the ring by Mim had been pulled from outside the window; the sheet of green baize had fallen away from before the cheval glass, and the startled beast, turning at the sound, saw reflected therein another tiger and another man. With him to see and to act were one. His tail lashed his sides once or twice as he stood gazing for a moment at this intruder on his territory; then, still snarling viciously to himself, with contracted body, and all his huge muscles quivering with excitement, he worked his way backward almost to the door, so as to give himself more room for his spring; then all at once curving his body into an arch, and bringing his grinning muzzle nearly to the ground, he shot over me like a flash of yellow light, aiming straight at the reflection of himself in the glass. Carried by the impetus of his spring, he shot clean through the glass and woodwork behind it, coming out on the other side, bleeding, and partially stunned, and quite as much frightened, I suspect, as either. But at the first sound of shattered glass, and before the scared beast had time to recover his presence of mind, the door behind me was suddenly opened, and my two good angels rushing in, seized me as I lay, and with a strength which at any other time would have astonished themselves, they lifted me lightly up, and swung me out of the room. It was the work of a moment. Laura's bold device had succeeded, and I was saved.

The rage of the tiger was something fearful, when he found out how he had been tricked, and that his prey had really escaped him. Later on in the day came the caravan-people from whose custody he had escaped on the previous night shortly after feeding time, and in such a quiet cunning fashion, owing to one of the keepers having imperfectly fastened a small grating at the top of his den, that his departure was not discovered till daybreak. He had subsided into a fit of sulky by the time the keepers reached Maison Gris, and neither coaxing nor threats could stir him out of the corner in which he had taken up his quarters, and there was no keeper bold enough to venture into the room to him. Ultimately, he was captured by means of a tempting shin of beef fixed in an iron cage, which he was obliged to enter before he could get at it, and once inside the cage, his liberty was gone.

I was very ill for a long time, and nearly a year elapsed before my arms and shoulder were sufficiently recovered to enable me to use brush and pallet again. The scars I shall carry with me as long as I live.

THE SALE OF STOLEN PROPERTY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

THERE are numberless sights in this metropolis that are reserved only for the few, and such is that we have illustrated.

It must be easily supposed that an immense city like New York, with its 2,000 policemen, would in some way capture a vast amount of stolen property. The large majority of these captured articles are, of course, identified and reclaimed by the owners, but still a considerable per centage left, and after being kept one year is sold. These sales are held once in two months at the Police Headquarters in Mulberry street, by the official Property Clerk, and to these sales the public generally are invited, though perhaps only a few score of them attend.

The room in which they are held is divided off by a rail, and behind this rail the auctioneer takes his stand on a chair, attended by two colored gentlemen who do the rough work in the way of handling the goods to be sold, some of which are not very desirable handling.

The sale commences according to a printed catalogue, which will present every style of personal property that can reach the imagination. It comprises, in this instance, 282 articles, commencing with a lot of pig iron, and ending off with one brown trunk.

All's fish that comes to the auctioneer's net, and consequently he goes on: "Now, then, gentlemen! what shall I have for this lot? Speak quick. What will you give me for this 'model of a sloop'?"

The model of a sloop finds a buyer at some price, and the next lot comes in turn. Let us give some kind of a

summary of them—Lot of machinery; one hogshead and three barrels; three sailors' chests; 1,000 bags; box of herring; one fork; 24 small baskets; one guitar; two cans of fish; six bottles of wine; one jacket and pants; eight collars and five neckties; 15 soft hats; one box buttons; one lady's gold watch; three pairs spectacles; one revolver; 20 daguerreotype frames; seven door locks; three white spencers; two pairs india rubber shoes, etc., and so forth.

One after the other these articles of merchandise go up and are knocked down to the highest bidder, who grasps his property, pays his cash, and cares not a pin for the story attached to it, which, perhaps, is a chapter of the blackest crime, perhaps of the highest romance.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

SINCE the closing of the rebellion we have heard so little of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions that we can readily imagine their work finished. But this is not so. They are both still at work in spheres they yet find. One of these we give this week, in a representation of the Christian Commission distributing newspapers to Southern people. The sketch was taken at Savannah, but is applicable to many other localities. These newspapers are the contributions of our citizens and publishers, and though some of them may be a week or two behind time, they are all new to those who receive them, and are looked on by the recipients in strong admiration, generated by the fact that for some years their eyes have only been greeted by the six by nine wretched brown or yellow sheets in which rebel domes have been able to indulge.

Like the distributions of rations, the newspapers are all given out "under the flag," and any sympathizer has to kiss the rod to get the news.

THE FEARFUL ICE GORGE AT ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis has been the scene of a fearful disaster. The ice above the city has suddenly broken loose and came down in such tremendous masses as to sweep all before it.

The scene of the disaster was a most exciting one. The levee was a perfect promenade of all kinds of people, gazing at and commenting upon the awful scene of smashed and sunken steamers which the moving ice gorge of Saturday evening had caught and crushed in its relentless grip. The river was frozen solid, and huge chunks of ice, five inches thick, were piled up in shapeless masses around the doomed steamers, flatboats, and broken wharves. A group of four boats, tightly jammed together, and so damaged, that it is not easy to distinguish one from another, lie in the stream on the verge of the channel. All the others are crushed against the bank—some broken fairly in the middle; others with their bows stove in, pilot-houses, upper-decks, and chimneys carried away.

The vessels injured, more or less, are as follows:

Name.	Value.	Name.	Value.
Admiral.....	\$60,000	Bannock City.....	\$1,000
Calypso.....	35,000	Amanda.....	1,000
Highlander (sunk).....	30,000	Big Horn.....	500
Geneva.....	12,000	Merlins.....	500
Saints City (sunk).....	2,000	Argonaut.....	5,000
Omaha.....	5,000	Metropolitan.....	5,000
Belle of Memphis.....	1,000	Barges, flatboats,	
Cora.....	5,000	cool barges, &c., &c.,	10,000
Rosalie.....	5,000	Freight in steamers	
Empire City (sunk).....	12,000	and barges.....	20,000
Hattie May.....	3,000	Total.....	\$213,000

The above are probably insured for \$100,000.

The gunboats Eliah and Shiloh, lying at the foot of Plum street, are uninjured, their iron sides resisting the pressure of the ice.

Some accidents occurred in the scramble to get off the boats when the gorge above began to move, but no lives were lost.

The scene was picturesque as well as terrible. The sun shone brilliantly on the motley crowd of men and women in their Sunday costumes who bedecked the levee. Many went out to the wrecks, even ladies and children trying the dangerous experiment. The ice on Cora street was strong enough for quite a large number to cross to and fro.

The steamboat men were unprepared for this sudden moving of the ice, and the boats were therefore wholly unprotected. The disaster was almost instantaneous. Ropes and chain cables were snapped like twine, and the crushed and crumbling filaments went a considerable distance down stream before its course could be arrested. The heavier boats stove in the smaller ones lying between them, crushing some of them like nutshells and sinking their hulls to the bottom.

OPOSSUM HUNTING IN MARYLAND.

Our illustration is almost classical, and hardly wants description. Its own story is written in every line of the pencil, and is suggestive of that good old melody of "Possum fat and hominy, and everything else."

The opossum is a species of "varmint" that hardly comes within the line of our game laws, and by white men—especially those who have never eaten it—is looked on somewhat askance. But to the gentlemen of the colored persuasion he is what the woodcock is to us, the very acme of gastronomical beauty. They regard his capture as the millennium of hunting, and the seasonal condition when that said "possum fat" is in best order, as the alderman would regard the green lumps of turtle floating in his soup.

Opossum hunting with the n-gro is at all seasons, but that time when the frost sets in or snow is on the ground is the best. At such time the skill of the darky huntman, who can nose out an opossum at any reasonable distance, is only to be matched by that of the dogs who, in the same manner that our pointers, setters or retrievers are trained, can follow and bring down the coveted little animal under circumstances that plead for something almost akin to reason.

Though "possum hunting" is a black art, we confess a weakness for it.

SKATING.

Within a few years this species of gymnastic exercise has become a leading fashion in this country, and the man who has not yet reached the mature age of a couple of score, who in his youth counted himself "some" on the ice, can now retire into the shade, before the wonderful gyrations of his children, even down into the fourth and fifth steps. In fact, the youngster of five is as well up in ice business in these days as our fathers or grandfathers were when full grown men. Everybody skates, and it is about as much out of the way to confess that we do not skate, as it is to admit that we do not dance.

Just now the season is opening, and skaters are bring-

ing forth last year's steel, and complacently fitting it to their feet. Gimlets are in request, and the thermometer and barometer are viewed with agitation. Poets are inspired with ice poems, and romances are weaving in the skein way to attach to them, are interested. The papers chronicle the daily condition of Central Park pond, the 5th Avenue pond, and all the other ponds, with as much avidity as they once chronicled "the war."

This season, we predict, will be only one of an increase of the passion. These now will skate who never did before; and those who always skated, now will skate the more. The amount of matrimony and flirtation that will grow this year upon the ice will require many statisticians to keep count of, and the amount of real fun outside of that can never be kept count of.

And so God bless the ice, and keep it firm and strong! Give us plenty of it, but let the weather be warm, and, if possible, the ice safe and perfectly skatable. Of course we know that cold weather, snow and ice are not compatible with poor men's comfort; but if we must have cold weather, we must, and so if we must, let us have good ice and plenty of skating.

RUINS OF OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

MANY an interesting remembrance of the "old lang syne" clusters around the subject of this sketch; visions of gay cavaliers with their rich plumes and trappings, of fair young damsels and haughty old warriors, with their ancient dames, arrayed in all the pomp of ruff and farthingale, that here attended mass and vespers, when all around was a vast wilderness filled with savages and wild beasts. Many a marriage ceremony and many a funeral service was solemnized within the walls of the old church, before Boston had become even a cow pasture. All this has long since swept away, and now a part of the belfry tower with a few piles of crumbling brick and the tall weeds waving in the wind alone mark the spot. The whole scene is one of decay and stagnation, so often to be met with in Virginia, despite its rich soil and vast mineral wealth. Before many years more have past the river which is slowly changing its bed will have washed away all that is now left of the church, and obliterate the last relic of the oldest city of America. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Let us hope, however, that this state of things has passed away with the "peculiar institution" that caused it. There is no reason why the Peninsula, so famous in our history, should not yet be as rich and prosperous as its fertile soil and fine rivers entitle it to become, and we do not hazard much in the assertion, that now the incubus is removed, and the country open to emigration, it will not be long before the Old Dominion will assume the position of importance for which nature designed her.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HORSE.
Kloenne's Patent Hitching Bolts.

OUR engraving represents an invention, the usefulness of which cannot fail to be appreciated by all owners or keepers of horses. It is intended to supersede the inconvenient, inefficient, and, withal, expensive manner, now in general use, of hitching horses.

Every owner of horses is well aware that fastening the horses by simply tying their halter-string is inconvenient in many respects. The strings are soon worn out by friction, and an expense is incurred thereby which, in the long run, amounts to no inconsiderable sum. Furthermore, the horses, when they cast their forefeet over the string, cannot be unfastened without great difficulty which, in the case of spirited animals, may, not unfrequently, amount to positive danger. But the principal drawback of the prevailing mode of fastening horses lies in the impossibility of quickly uniting the halter-strings in case of fire or other danger. Hundreds of valuable animals have been lost in this way from no other cause than the difficulty of releasing them in time.

Kloenne's Patent Hitching Bolt is well calculated





MEMOIRE NE CHANGE.

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

I LAID my head on cushions at her feet,
And watched her fingers twist,
Within and out the mist,
Which she had woven in a mesh complete.

Her eyes, like beryl, looked down into mine,
So steadfast and so true :
I caught their calmness, too,
And simply said, " My darling, I am thine ! "

She looked across salt meadows, to the sea,
Whose ripples lapped the shore,
Then turned to me once more
And said, " Oh, no, my friend, that cannot be ! "

I tried to plead, she only shook her head,
And, pointing to the waves,
Said, " There are many graves ;
In one of them my love is lying dead."

Inte her eyes there came no look of pain,
Nor sign of unshed tears ;
And yet I knew the years
Could never bring her love to life again.

Since then long years have died in summer flame,
Each one has had its charm ;
And now upon my arm
A blue-eyed woman sleeps and bears my name.

And ever more to me her face is turned,
As though I were her sun,
And she the only one
On whom its ray had every fall'n or burned.

I love her, with a love that cannot cease ;
And, toying with her hair,
I lose the thought of care,
And in my heart fold close the dove of peace.

But when the wind blows salt from off the sea,
The beryl eyes once more
Look on me, as of yore,
And then I sigh that they were not for me.

WHO SHALL JUDGE ?

BY M. ELIZABETH PERRY.

Mrs. Rothe was a frail little woman, full of quaint conceits—her child's name, Veronica, was one of them. They were all strange people, those Rothes ; "a queer set," their neighbors called them—proud, selfish, vindictive. Fathers disowned their sons, mothers and daughters would meet like strangers ; all of them—brothers, sisters and cousins—hated each other mortally, but were very clannish, withal ; if some fair-faced girl among them was to be disposed of, none were found worthy of her beauty, and what they thought more of, her dower, save some black-browed cousin of the third or fourth degree. And so they intermarried until their blood grew thick, the family traits were heightened to idiosyncrasies, every feeling became a passion, every thought a prejudice.

The old stock had been hardy and numerous—they were thinning and dying out, now ; only one branch was left bearing the family name ; when John Rothe died that would be blotted out ; he had no son—only two daughters—Salama and Veronica.

John Rothe's father had been terribly angry when his son sold half the farm, reserving only the land along a wild, deep gorge through which the waters whirled in a rush of headlong fury ; and when he had built his mills, and the old man first heard the roar and clang of the ponderous machinery, he would wink and nod, and shake his staff at them, sending his withered old face into such wrinkles of malicious prophecying as must have rejoiced his fatherly heart.

Eight years before, when John had gone to the seaport town and brought that pale, frightened-looking girl home as his wife, the old man had vented his spite in wicked sneers, and his son never forgave it, for unlike the Rothes in general, he loved his wife. Except those two things, his love and enterprise, he was no whit better than or different from the others.

His wife's family was as old, as narrow, and unwholesome as his own, only their characteristics were grown weaker with age, and when he carried Emily out of it the old household lost nearly all it possessed of either goodness or beauty, and she parcell'd out both attributes to her daughters.

Salama was tall, slender, with graceful wavy motions, a face without color, not pale, but with a glow diffused over it like fire shining through faint amber ; this fire culminated in her eyes, smouldering, too, but the flame leapt up in a continual blazing and darkling, that ebbed and flowed like a pulse beat in their gray depths ; wonderful eyes they were—long, and heavily lashed ; save her hair—which was a dense bronze, never changing its color in sun or shade—she had no other beauty.

Her mouth was nervous and uneasy, her lips for ever opening and shutting like those of a starved animal.

All this is what she was when grown ; as a child, people did not like or notice her much—none, except her grandfather ; in his crafty, disagreeable way, he flattered her and prompted whatever was evil, if evil there could be in an eight years old child.

Veronica was different—fair, sweet and loving ; hearts went out to her instinctively. She had her mother's golden hair and clear wide eyes, purple as pansies, with hints of blue forget-me-nots lying cool in their darkness.

A laugh was always dimpling her round cheeks, and the shining head went dipping here, there, everywhere—a healthy little thing she was, swift of motion as a lapwing. There were two who did not love Veronica—Salama and her grandfather.

One knew just where to find Mrs. Rothe ; coiled among the lounge cushions, her face towards the

window, which held a living picture of tree and shrub, and through their green flutter the flash of falling water ; her hands for ever wrought some dainty thing, laying the flowers on thick velvet beds, or else a mesh of lace whose spray clung to her fingers like frostwork over ivory.

One of her children was with her every moment.

She played childlike with Veronica, and told Salama legends of knights and elves, goblins and ladies fair, and all the quaint imaginings into which was wrought the poetry of six hundred years ago.

Which child she loved best she could never tell.

What mother can ?

When her husband came to her side, then you knew where her offerings were laid. I have said John Rothe loved his wife ; so he did, but it was not always apparent, and when he left her without a caress or some sign of love's freemasonry, you knew when Salama's mouth got that hungry look.

It was not that she thought he looked on any face and deemed it more fair than hers, or sought in other eyes for answering tenderness, but something else, a sense of loss and wrong. You, wives, know what it is ; it has tightened your hearts and sent the smile in your eyes to a tear-drowned death many a time, and will do many more, while women are fond and men are careless.

Guy Somers came to see them with his newly married wife, doubtless a very happy couple, at least a very handsome one. Veronica smoothed the lady's pale hair, and touched the white velvety hands with a childish rapture. Children do feel such things. I remember, when a child, seeing one of my sister's friends standing in the lamp-light, her arms bare to the shoulder ; they fascinated me ; almost unconsciously I stole to her side and passed my hand up and down the cool snowy surface ; the touch thrilled me, electrified me through and through.

Mrs. Somers affected Veronica thus :

" Oh, Salama ! " she cried, " is she not a sweet, pretty lady ? "

" I don't think so ; her face looks just like a white cat's. "

Guy Somers heard her.

" Come here, little one, and tell me what I look like, " he said, holding out a hand slender as a girl's, and as fair.

She took in the picture greedily. Soft, light hair, which the wind lifted in plumes like floss-silk. Eyes such as Greuze gave his German women ; a mouth vacillating, you would say, but when it settled into stillness the hard lines came out plainly enough. Then you would call it rapacious. Salama took it all in, and slipping her hand in his, said softly :

" You are like Sir Launcelot, " she laughed.

" What do you know of him, child ? "

" Oh ! he was beautiful and wicked, and a maiden loved him well." She did not know it, but her voice fell into rhythm. " I loved him more than all the rest of mother's knights, " she added.

" But how can you ? You say he was wicked. "

" I like wicked people. "

The amused look in Somer's face broke into a laugh, as he said :

" Faith ! little sinner, so I believe we all do, only few of us dare to confess it. But what do you think of Veronica ; she's pretty, isn't she ? "

" Do you love her, too ? "

She cast his hand from her instantly.

" Why, you midget ! is it possible you know how it feels to be jealous ? "

But she went away clasping and unclasping her fingers in an angry, restless manner. Guy Somers looked after her, muttering :

" In a few years there will be enough in her to make a man. "

The words were broken off by a voice, even, cool, as though its breath passed over ice.

" Come, Guy. "

" If she had said "I love you," or called some tender name, it would have been in just that same cool, even tone ; she could not have changed it, any more than she could touch her pale hair with warmer tinges, or make her blood go up, beat after beat, as many women's will when they hear a voice dear to them.

All that summer visit Guy talked with little Salama, repeating to her poems that made the light come throbbing to her eyes, and for a moment put the mouth to rest. He studied her just as he would another poem, quaintly written.

The season passed and more along with it until eight years had gone.

Salama had grown to be what I have told you ; Veronica was the same child, only with added sweetness, and fairness, and youth's lightsome graces, playing about her bright, young head. She was ever beside her mother, who was growing etherealized, vanishing out the world. I do not know what made that great pain come into Mrs. Rothe's face, when she looked at Salama, or her voice fail into a sad quaver when she talked of, or to her, but so it was.

When Guy Somers came to take her to his home in the seaport town, this mother gazed long into her daughter's eyes, put her hands on her hair, where they lay like flecks of foam on its bronze ; let fall great plashing, glittering tears, and covered the lips with kisses a thousand deep.

Pray God, they be pure lips always which take a mother's kisses off !

Salama went, and sitting opposite the fair, cold face of Mrs. Somers, I think she forgot her old opinion, and deemed it a fit accompaniment to the room beyond—the shining walls whose whiteness was just flecked with gold, a tiny vine of which carried its delicate tracery to the cornices, where it dropped in clusters of leaf and flower ; lace curtains, thin as cobweb, wafted in and out the windows open to the floor, and caught in their meshes green and opal glows from the blooming plants beside them.

Looking from those windows one saw a stretch of sand and shell, and then a waste of undula-

ting waves which broke their hearts upon the stubborn beach, and moaning at their hurt came ever back again, as though it might save them from the great steam monsters who ploughed them up, and despite their seething hate, dashed them this way and that at will.

Alas, for thy white sails, oh sea ! How hath steam spoiled their old romance ! But do you not pay the score ? When the fire-demons burst their hearts, do you not leap and dance in the lurid glow, and toss the wretches cast on your bosom, and quash them and swallow them into your foaming jaws ?

One of her children was with her every moment.

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It was not that she thought he looked on any face and deemed it more fair than hers, or sought in other eyes for answering tenderness, but something else, a sense of loss and wrong. You, wives, know what it is ; it has tightened your hearts and sent the smile in your eyes to a tear-drowned death many a time, and will do many more, while women are fond and men are careless.

Guy Somers came in and went straight to the flowers ; bending over each one he drank their odorous breath.

Salama joined him.

" See, " she said, pointing to a splendid white fuchsia, " I found it faint and pale, but I made it drunk with air and sunshine, and see how royally it queens it now."

" Take it for treasure trove."

He broke the stem, and in a moment the rich, pink petals kissed her hair.

" I do not care for such things, " Mrs. Somers said. " The plants are Guy's fancy ; he raves about the ocean, too ; you and he can sympathize, Salama."

So they could.

If not for those, what did Annie Somers care for ? Why for piles of linen, white as snowdrifts, for clean sweet rooms, for unclouded glass, and speckless china ; her poetry took substance in cakes, whose flaky sweetness melted on the tongue ; in Jellies transparent as prisoned sunshine ; in luscious fruit, and frothing creams ; and rare good poetry it was, as those who "raved" of sea and flowers acknowledged ; a well-appointed house, and dainty faultless table answered her craving for the beautiful, and were they not the best of things ? I am glad she had no children, though, such women were not meant for mothers.

Guy's brother came a few weeks after Salama. He was not handsome like Guy, but very grave and noble-looking, with a deep, calm voice, having in it courage for the living, comfort for the dying ; Stephen Somers was a clean-souled, honest gentleman.

The four of them were walking on the sands one August night, looking at

" The watchlights glimmer on the shore,
The shiplights on the sea."

The salt breezes swept in to embrace the waiting land odors, and the moon gazed at her face in the ocean in a tender, pitiful way, as though half of herself had fallen down there, and she longed to follow or woo it back.

Salama and Guy were together.

" Do you like wicked people yet ? " he asked, suddenly.

" Better still, I think."

Why did he go on questioning her ?

" And what of beautiful, bad Sir Launcelot ? "

" He is the same knight now."

" And do you love him better than all, Salama ? Tell me that."

The question was hot and eager, but there was no time for answer. Stephen and Mrs. Somers came up, and they went to the house together.

Kneeling at her window that August night, looking towards the sea, the smouldering fire of Salama's eyes drank up the tears, the hungry, gasping lips grew white.

" Better than all ! Better than all ! " she moaned.

" God help me ! "

And so say I, Salama Rothe, and " God help all women whose souls must drink the poison fountain of iniquity, or go thirsty for ever. Why will not the waters of Abana and of Pharpar make us clean ? "

Was Guy Somers weak or wicked ? These lines about his mouth did not look like weakness, but was it wickedness. He who created Adam and then cursed him knows ; I only know that he adored beauty, that all things rare and glorious had for him a passionate language, and when it spoke in this girl's luminous face, when those wondrous eyes flashed the gleam of their torrid depths into his, " deep answered unto deep, " and his heart fainted with the hunger and thirst of hers.

There was wrong somewhere, but whose was it ? His feelings and appetites were not of his creation—they came with birth and their impulses—had been lawful and pure until now. What was it that turned them into sins and plague spots ? But he had a wife, you say. True ; and when he told the man at the altar that he loved her, he thought he told the truth. It was the truth then. How could he know that God or Satan—which is it that works the evil?—would spread this net of fascination in his path, a snare for his soul ? " He should have put it far away from him, and refused to drink of waters bitter at the fountain head." Ah, my saint, which one among us ever tasted the sweet cup of sin and ceased lipping it until we found lees at the bottom ?

And she. Was she base and vile because all the woman in her was awake ? Did she go into bondage willingly ? No, no ! Witness her struggles and writhings, her despairing cry for help. Oh, woman ! beloved of God in the city of David, who shall write your story—who shall dare witness against you ?

Yes, there was a terrible wrong. Where it was or whose the fault I cannot tell ; I only know such and worse wrongs are thick over the world, and every day work out their dire results. They say a loving Father guides and rules it all, and His " tender mercy endures for ever."

The days went on. If Annie Somers guessed the story they were telling, she made no sign.

September wrapped her gold and crimson robe over her bosom, and laid herself to sleep under the dun garb of October, the month when the wine press is trodden, when the countries of vine-land drip with the blood of grapes, a fitful, hysterical month, one day pale and weeping, the next wild with delirious joy.

They had gone over every amusement again and again.

" We must make much of these bright days ; they are the last and fairest of all, " Stephen said, one morning at the table.

" Let's have a fishing bout by moonlight ! What say you ? "

" The very thing, Guy, " said Mrs. Somers.

" We'll land at Ellis Point, and have a chowder on the shore."

" Shall you like to go, Salama ? " Stephen asked.

" Like it ! Yes ; anything to kill the laggard days."

What made them laggard, Salama Rothe ? Why did the pulsing light in your gray eyes beat so fast ? Was it because you caught a glance which it was sin to see ? If so, look not again, for that way danger lies and guilty pangs.

The little craft scarce made a ripple as it skimmed up to the Point. Once on shore, Mrs. Somers' skill developed a dozen other delicious dainties beside the promised chowder.

Salama went off alone, and finding a rock, far out, amid the white surf, climbed upon it.

Guy stood a long time, and looked at the slender figure outlined against the sunset sky, and then went quickly up the beach and talked for near an hour with the men belonging to a sloop's boat lying there. When he came away, they had each something with which to drink his health, and buy such toys as sailors' sweethearts like.

Far out on the silvery

ness of her mouth was worth a thousand dimpling smiles, and those wide, pancy eyes looked on the world with such a loving trust as innocence can feel, and that alone.

Salama saw and felt it, for the first time in their lives. She put her arms around Veronika, and held her close.

"Oh, Salama, will you love me now? I never knew before how sweet it was to have a sister. We ought to love each other well, for mother was so dear to both."

Salama's hand was on the upturned mouth.

"No, child, you must not kiss me," she said.

Her voice had lost something out of it, its life was gone, just as the light had faded from her face, leaving it a dead calm, for ever.

A thin, dark face, the one Salama met, looked in a moment, and went again without speaking.

"Who is she, Veronika?"

Achsaah, mother's maid; she came after you went away. A strange girl she is, but mother liked her soft, quiet ways, and father, too, would miss her. Poor father! Let's go to him."

They found him in the sitting-room, sad enough, but all his comforts cared for. That was Achsaah's work. She was in the kitchen now.

"Why do you make the tea?" asked Salama, going to her.

"He likes to have me do it."

It was a quick, strident voice, not very pleasant.

"He! Whom do you mean?"

"Mr. Rothe."

"Veronica can do it just as well. I don't suppose he cares."

"Ask him," she answered, shortly.

"Achsaah always makes the tea," said Veronica, coming in. "Father chooses to have it so."

After she went out, Achsaah laid her hand on Salama's arm.

"I like you," she said, "and will do my best to please you, if only you will let me do for him the things she learned me how."

"Do what you will, I care not," Salama answered, shaking her off.

The year dispensed her months until the half were gone, and all that time the life in John Rothe's house was stagnant, each day was a mirror wherein the next one looked.

Veronica went quietly about her cares, Salama never interfering or doing anything, indeed, but lying in her mother's place; there was no outlook in her eyes—they were turned to the past—the dead past, and she had no future.

Rothe loved and was proud of his daughters, but he called for no service at their hands, and Achsaah's busy fingers left little they could offer.

After that six months Stephen Somers came to oversee the mills and live with them, and it was beautiful to see the growing love between Veronica and him—she so sweetly fair and he so true and good.

He and Salama talked of many things, but never a word of Guy; they had buried him in their hearts and sealed the stone of the sepulchre.

The summer died, and winter covered her with snow.

Latterly Mr. Rothe was much from home; one soft April evening Salama saw him spring from his horse, and give his whip and gloves to Achsaah, who was waiting to receive them. She flashed into the house and out again, and they stood parleying for a moment, then with a laugh he gave the bride to her, and Achsaah, making herself his groom, led the horse away. Then Veronica went out to him, and folding her little hands over his arms, while he smoothed her bright hair, they talked a long time earnestly. Salama looked at them and thought what a handsome man her father was, despite his more than forty years.

Just as the night fell Veronica came in, and laying her troubled face down in her sister's lap, told Salama what her father had been telling her.

He was going to bring a new wife home.

"Who is it?" she asked, after a long silence.

Veronica gazed in wonder at the ghastly face above her as she answered:

"Annie Somers."

Without a word Salama rose, and putting her away, went out; some one was crouching near the door; Salama caught her arm.

"Achsaah! What are you doing here? listening?"

"Oh! don't—don't—I could not help it—my God! It will kill me! How can he do it—what shall I do?" writhing and moaning, she struggled away from Salama's hold, and fled past her down the stairs.

Salama went on, too, straight to her father. She dared to tell him every thing now, and she did, the whole, wicked, shameful story.

He raved like a madman, prowling up and down the room, he shook with impotent fury. The dead calm of Salama's face was unbroken; her voice did not lose its dull steadiness, until he stopped before her, and raising his arm, said hoarsely:

"You brazen thing! How dare you tell me this? You a Rothe—my daughter! No, by heaven, I cast you off—I loathe you—your very breath is pollution—and Guy Somers, the scoundrel! May Almighty God—"

"Stop!" she cried, clutching the upraised arm, "come with me, and then curse if you will!"

By main strength she drew him to the door and flung it open, pointing to the groveling heap before the hearth, from which dry sobs were breaking.

"That is your work!" she hissed, "now curse Guy Somers if you dare!"

She told the truth, it was his work—but, done unwittingly—as his bewildered look gave testimony.

"What do you mean?" he asked, "what ails the girl?"

"What ails her? She is only sobbing her heart out for love of you."

"You are a fool, or worse? What should she love me for? I never gave her cause."

"Two accusers! Achsaah was on her feet now.

"You never gave me cause? Oh! you did—you did."

Salama was cool again.

"Hush! Achsaah," she said. "Yes, father, you have done this wrong; I know how innocently, now, and God forgive me, for accusing you; but you have chosen her to wait on you at all times, giving to her the offices which should have been Veronica's and mine; only to-night, you made a groom of her, and what, think you, save love, could make her stoop so low?"

"I never dreamed of such a thing! She served me quietly and well, and that was all I thought about, or cared."

"Did that make her grief less, or real bitter, John Rothe?"

Achsaah's face went down on her knees again.

"Come away, father," Salama said, leading into the room again.

She did not ask him to forgive her or take back his renunciation; but he took her into his arms, and laying her head on his breast, kissed her tenderly as her mother had done that day of parting.

When Annie came, she met Salama's greeting

with just as smooth a brow and smiling lip as she vouchsafed to any, and never by word of hers did she call up the sleeping past.

And was she so angelic, then, that she forgave such wrong as this young girl had put upon her? Did she not rather meditate a sweet revenge? Would not her very presence be gall and wormwood to that sore heart, a continual reminder of another face, and the shame it brought her? Was not this her thought?

I think it was; but when she saw the proud young beauty blotted, the long, gray eyes, pulsing with light no more, but dulled and heavy with unshed tears, then, I believe that she, being neither saint nor devil, did forgive her, and came in time to trust, and like her, passing well.

Veronica! Veronica! Wherever I write the word a breath of purity hovers, and I see a fair, sweet face, with clear wide eyes and bands of shining hair, a patient mouth, whose tones for ever told of faith and hope, and trusting love; how many ears she soothed, how many hearts made glad, God and his angels know. If ever peace and holy truth take to themselves another name, I think it will be Veronica.

AN ITEM FROM THE INQUISITION.

From a little old smoke-dried copy of a book printed in Spanish at Amsterdam in 1680, and entitled "Narratives of the Inquisition Imprisonments in this very City of Cadiz, Spain, by Scrafn de Carcel, who escaped to Holland after having been condemned to be burnt for Heresy," we take these facts. The story is too naturally told to need embellishment or endorsement.

Carcel was a goldsmith in the Serf's street, Seville, and was arrested on the 2d of April, 1680, at 10 o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maid of honor. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. In an ante-room, says he (I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain touching way), a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the ante-chamber to the Inquisitor's table, as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-colored taffeta. At the end, between the two grained windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and, on the central estrade (a table of 15 feet long surrounded by armchairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, on my right Francis Delgado Genados, the Grand Inquisitor, who is a secular priest. The other Inquisitors had just left; but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw, on papers before their chairs, some names marked with red ink.

I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The Inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me; but, when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the alcald; who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off and strip me of everything, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately sewn my garters. I am then led bare-headed into a cell, and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells. If any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the jailors who watch the corridors night and day warn him through the grating. If the offence is repeated, they storm in and lard him with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep grislake silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

Once every two months the Inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the jailors. But this is only a parade of justice; for, if a prisoner makes complaints, these are treated as mere raving and fancies, and never attended to.

But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to, because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour towards the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that incriminated himself.

In the rope torture they tie the man to a horizontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present at these butchery scenes are the stolid Inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar, or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hood that hide all the face, but have holes for eyes, nose and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband; and, if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the tortured man can bear.

If all this fails, soul and body are both of steel, the Inquisitors try snare. They put apostles into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as one of the greatest scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The Inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

One Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I gave my linen, as usual, to the jailors to send to the wash, they would not take it, and a great, cold breath whispered at my heart—to-morrow is the Auto-de-Fé.

Immediately after the vespers at the cathedral they rang for matins—which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast—and I knew that my horrid suspicions were right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralysed by fear, at the pile, perhaps, already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal; but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? Do God's eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

I was just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing; when about 11 o'clock the great bolts of my cell ground and jolted back, and a party of jailors in black—it a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of heaven—came in. The alcald threw down by my pallet a heap of clothes, told me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons.

I had no tongue to answer, as they lighted my lamp, left me, and locked the door behind them. Such a trembling seized me for half an hour that I could not rise and look at the clothes, which seemed to me shrouds and winding-sheets. I rose at last, threw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and committed myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress, which consisted of a tunie with long loose

sleeves and hose drawers; all black sarge, striped with white.

At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery where nearly 200 men draughted from their various cells, all dressed in black stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long plain, cold vaulted corridor; where, over every two dozen heads, swung huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral-train. The women, also in black, were in a neighboring gallery far out of our sight. By and glimpse down a neighboring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black; who, from time to time, passed backward and forward. These, I afterwards found, were men doomed also to be burnt, not for murder—but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burnt or not I did not know; but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put 200 men at once into one fire; though they did hate all who love not dolls-idols and lying miracles.

Presently, as we waited sad and silent, jailors came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of St. Andrew. These were the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, Heathen or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Next came the gradation of our ranks. Those who had relapsed, or who were obstinate, during their accusations, wore the Sambarra; which is gray, with a man's head burning on red faggots painted at the bottom, and all round, reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I and 70 others, wore these; and I lost all hope. My blood turned to ice. I could scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution, they brought us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (carrochas) painted with flames and devils, with the words, SOEURER and HERETIC written round the rim. Our feet were all bare; the condemned men, pale as death, now began to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands; round which the beads were twisted. God only—by speaking from heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now told us we might sit on the ground till our orders came. The old men and boys smiled as they eagerly sat down; for this small relief came to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

At 4 o'clock they brought us bread and figs, which some dropped by their sides and others languidly ate. I refused mine, but a guard prayed me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet have had need of it. It was as if an angel had comforted me. At 5 o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an underrcurrent of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda began to boom, with a funeral knell, long and slow. It was the signal of the Giralda day of the Holy Office. It was the signal for the people to come to the show. We were filed out one by one. As I passed the gallery in the great hall I saw the Inquisitor, solemn and stern, in his black robes, thronged at the gate. Beneath him was his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry twitching hands.

The room was full of the anxious, frightened burghers; who, as their names were called, and a prisoner passed through, moved to his trembling side to serve as his Godfather in the Act of Faith.

The honest men shuddered as they took their place in the horrible death procession; the time-serving men smiled at the Inquisitor, and bustled forward. This was thought an honorable office, and was sought after by hypocrites, and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

The procession commenced with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition.

Before them flaunted the banner of the order, representing in stitching embroidery that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked Saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and in the other, an olive-branch, with the motto Justice and Mercy.

God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner came the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches; their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less frightened godfathers, gay in cloak, in sword, in ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows were crowded with carcasses.

Children were held up to execute us as we passed to our torturing death.

The auto-de-fé was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices; it drew more than even a bullfight; because of the touch of tragedy about it.

Our procession, like a long black snake, wound, wound on, with its banners and crosses; through street after street, heralded by soldiers who ran before to clear a way for us, to stop mules, displace fruitstalls and street performers and their laughing audiences. We at last reached the Church of the Saints; where, tired, dusty, bleeding, all faint, we were to hear their sentences in.

The church had a grave-vault aspect and was dreary as a charnel-house. The great altar was veiled in black, and was lit with six silver candles, whose flames shone like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar—that seemed to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave cloak—were two thrones, one for the Grand Inquisitor and his counsel, another for the King and his court. The one was filled with sexton-like lawyers; the other with jewelled and feathered men.

In front of the great altar, and near the door—where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy; but not for us—is another altar on which six gilded and illuminated misericordies lay open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as—God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity; Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery with bare benches; on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last

THE SCHOLARS OF BRIENNE.

The winter of 1783 was a severe one in the northern provinces of France. Snowstorms of unusual violence and duration visited every district. The vineyards were half-buried, the great road to Paris was impassable for weeks, and in the lower streets of Brienne the inhabitants were obliged to open narrow passages through the snow, which rose above their ground-floor windows.

The situation of that ancient town still renders liable to such wintry visitations. Surrounded by an open, level country, and built on a steep hillside, its streets rise one above another like successive terraces, up to the grim château which has stood many a siege, and seen various occupants since it was erected by the first seigneur of Brienne. Few travellers visited the city, for it has little traffic, and less fashion, about it. There are traces of wars both early and late—ruined fortifications, tracks of shot, and shell, and fire. There are also an old church or two, and some houses that might interest the antiquary; but, excepting those and their traditions, a more commonplace old burgh is not to be found in northern France.

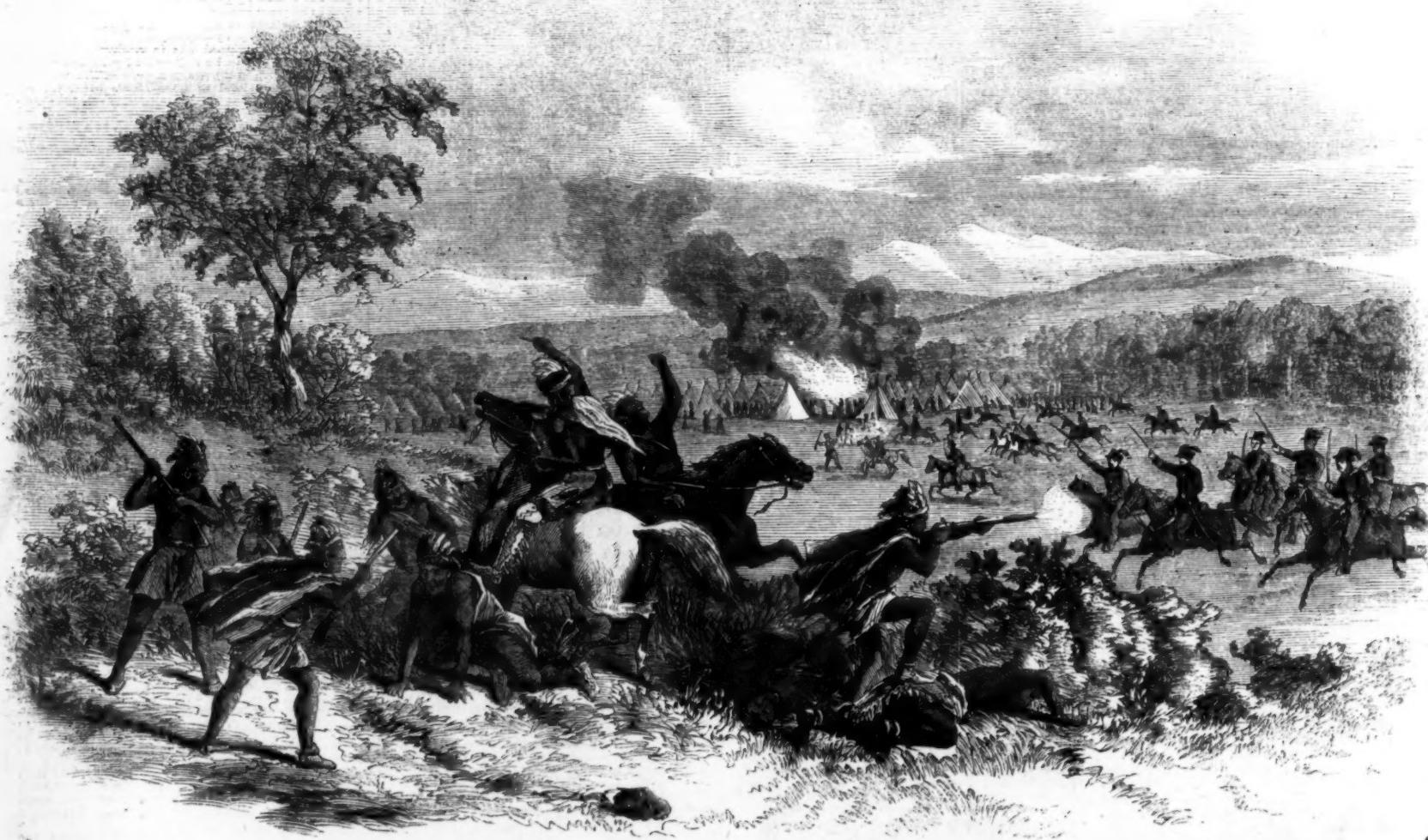
At the time of our story, Brienne had not such a modern look. Its narrow, irregular streets, turfed roofs and projecting gables, told of builders who flourished with the line of Valois. A noble governor held half-feudal, half-military state in its château, where he commanded a small and very idle garrison. Its trade was old and homely; its burghers careful and quiet; and the great glory of the town was its military college. The citizens believed that half their country's great commanders had been educated there. They had tales of Condé and Turenne, Villiers and De Luxembourg, which, though scarcely historical, were in high credit. The students,



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. MARY E. HEAD.

of their college, and were now at noon assembled, great and small, in a large, neglected garden, which served them as ground for play and exercise. From the early age at which they were drafted off to the army, the senior students were yet boys, and the juniors mere children; but the controversy of their times had found entrance among them. Some were cadets of noble but reduced families, and stood high on the real or imaginary privileges of their birth, taking a boyish pride in the fowls rights and usages of which France was becoming every day more impatient. They knew that the college had been expressly founded for youths of family; but time, the innovator, had brought *parvenus* within its walls. Ambitious burghers sent their sons; courtiers, their dependents; and promising boys from the colonies, who could boast no quarterings, found their way thither with the help of friends and patrons. All these naturally took the democratic side, and lost no opportunity of making the fact known, but quarrelled and shouted for the people's rights and liberties with as much zeal and as little knowledge as the fiercest of their opponents. In short, like every society then in France, the students of Brienne were divided into two parties of almost equal strength. The professors, though old and prudent men, were known to entertain similar differences of opinion, and demonstrations which did not transgress the bounds of discipline were rather encouraged.

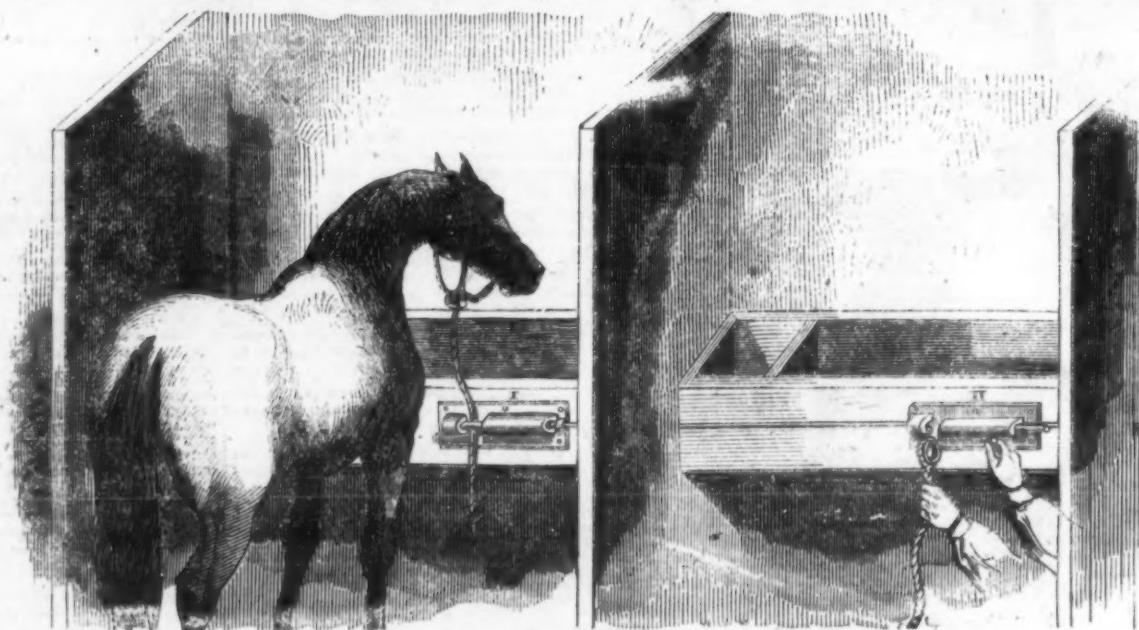
On the present occasion, the least skilful observer of school affairs would have guessed that something extraordinary was to come off in the garden. Its principal walk had been cleared, together with a gravelled space generally used for a tennis-ground. The snow had been shovelled into great heaps on either side, and the whole body of students separated with military precision, th-



ATTACK ON AND DESTRUCTION OF THE ARAAPAHOE VILLAGE, ON TONGUE RIVER, D. T., BY GEN. P. B. CONNOR, AUGUST 29, 1865.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. M. WESTON.

oo, were more popular than students in quiet country towns are apt to be, chiefly on account of the rigid discipline prevailing in military schools of those days, which permitted no visits, except to relations, and little going beyond the college, even on holidays. Besides Christmas and Easter, the principal of those was the governor's birthday; and as the commandant of the château happened to have been born on the 29th of January, his festival came immediately after the storm that year.

It was a cold, clear day, with the snow lying white over town and country. The students had been up early, assisting the porter and other humble office-bearers to clear the entrance and court



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HORSE—THE NEW HITCHING BOLT.

aristocrats forming on juvenile army, and the democrats another, in order to celebrate the holiday by a grand display of battles in honor of what the boys called their principles.

For this purpose, all fell to work with the enthusiasm and activity of youth. Never had play been more earnest. The aristocrats labored on one side, the democrats on the other; and within an hour, thanks to their united exertions and the plastic nature of the material, a miniature fortress, with bastion, battlement and outworks, on one of Vauban's most approved plans, was constructed out of snow. The young students sent up a cheer of triumph through the cold, clear air, as the perishable fortifications were com-



INCIDENT OF TRAVEL—MAKING A CHIEF AMONG THE CLABLUM INDIANS.

pleted; and after settling the articles of war, and appointing officers with extreme formality, the aristocrats were left in possession of the fortress, which it was their duty to defend, while the democrats besieged it with all their force and skill. Neither party had ever seen war. As yet they knew it only by romance and theory; and the mingling of these in their mimic siege would have amused any veteran who had ever mounted a breach or kept a bastion. The governor of the snow-built fortress—a fair-faced, noble-looking youth of 16, who had been elected to that high office by acclamation, as an acknowledged and most popular leader—addressed his troops in a speech full of classical quotations; reminded them of the exploits performed by Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and their own illustrious ancestors; and closed with an exhortation to maintain the honor of the noble houses from which they were descended, by driving that contemptible rabble from beneath their walls.

The besieging general, a fiery young Parisian, in no less esteem with his party, talked of the rights of man, prophesied the triumph of liberty, and shouted "death to the tyrants."

No imitation of the pomp and circumstance of war was wanting; no manoeuvre of all they had been taught in that methodical college was left unpractised. There were trumpets and drums, war-cries and standards. Cannon were planted on every available height, in the form of boys, to fling snowballs; sappers, armed with spades and shovels, advanced under cover of their fire to mine the walls. There were storming parties and forlorn hopes, led by most experienced officers, and attempts at surprise and escalade; but all to no purpose. The besieged had a strong position, and kept it gallantly, showering missiles of snow, hardened by sundry rapid but ingenious processes, making all sorts of salutes, and occasionally

carrying off the youngest of their enemies as prisoners of war.

In the meantime, tempers waxed warm on both sides. No contest, however small its object, can be long carried on, without unsealing some bitter waters. The blows grew harder, the sneers more spiteful. There was earnestness and almost ferocity in the fighting now, which did not escape the notice of the only spectators within sight—two men of gray hair and military appearance, who stood, each wrapped in a rough gray cloak, and smoking a long pipe at the garden-gate.

The tallest and most martial-looking of the pair was old Jules, the chief porter and general overseer of domestic matters in the college. He had never worn uniform, nor served out of Brienne; but in discourse, deportment, and inclinations, there was not a more soldier-like man within his country. The other was Jean Martin, his cousin-german, who had been a peasant's son in the neighborhood till he went with a volunteer corps of the Marquis Lafayette, to serve in the American war of independence. The peace signed in Paris in the previous year had closed their campaigns; and though the newly-established republic rewarded her French auxiliaries with liberal grants from the inexhaustible treasury of prairie and forest lands, such was the applause known to await them at home, that the greater part of Lafayette's soldiers chose to return with their commander. Fighting for liberty was then an untried but most popular business in France. Jean Martin came home covered with glory in the eyes of his kindred and old neighbors. All that winter his father's cottage was a place of evening gatherings, to hear him relate his battles and marches. The old peasant felt his honour raised half-way to nobility by such a son, and the porter of the military college considered Jean the only one of his relations worthy to visit him in Brienne. He had accordingly sojourned for som-

time with old Jules, and seen the wonders of the college. There was a museum of arms and military engines, on which the porter delighted to expatiate. Jean Martin was a praiseworthy listener, when not engaged on his American campaigns; and the cousins now stood in a high state of mutual satisfaction, smoking their pipes, and gazing on the siege of that snow-built fortress with an interest scarcely inferior to that of the contending students.

"That is a brave boy who leads the attack," said Jean; "so is he who holds the fortress."

"Yes," replied the porter, who prided himself on knowing every student's genealogy, and had extremely aristocratic prejudices. "Would you believe that the young rogue who leads the democrats actually belongs to one of the best houses in Paris? Their name is Caulincourt. They can count back five hundred years without one low alliance; but the house is terribly reduced. There is a wine-shop kept in their hotel in the Rue du Temple, and that boy has taken to the new notions. These are queer times! The boy who holds the fort so well, and looks so like a nobleman's son, is poorly enough descended, though his father was an officer in Montcalm's army, and fell at Quebec; his great-grandfather, as I know, was that cousin of Madame de Maintenon whom she could neither bribe nor frighten out of Protestantism. He fled to Switzerland at the revocation, but came back when Louis le Grande was gone, and they say—here the porter's voice fell—"he lived and died a mere pastor at Maziers."

"His great-grandson knows something of defense," said Jean; "I have not seen either since we kept Fort Philip on the Mississippi; but tell me, cousin, who is yonder boy, who stands alone leaning against the old apple-tree, and smiles so scornfully every time young Caulincourt and his company are repulsed."

Old Jules followed, with a glance of any thing but approbation, the direction of the soldier's eye,

"He is a young general!" cried Jean Martin clapping his hands in a glow of enthusiasm "Cousin, I have seen nothing like that since the day when we, with some help from the Americans, surrounded Burgoyne's army, at the springs of Saratoga."

"He a general!" cried Jules, in great wrath "I wonder to hear you, who have served under a marquis. The fellow has done nothing in due form; I could have shown him better myself. But there's the dinner-bell, and our soup will be cold."

The bell which smote old Jules with that well-founded fear summoned the students from their mimic warfare. The fortress was, however, dismantled by the special commandant of the victorious general. He left his flag floating over its ruins, and laughed at the defeated governor, who was sorely discomfited, not so much for having lost his fort, as because in the fray he had hurt a sickly boy, though the brave child wiped up his eyes, and promised to say nothing about it. So the garden was left to snow and silence, and the twilight came down upon Brienne.

Many evenings and mornings come and go in the space of thirty years, and many things besides had come and gone in France, when, on the 29th of January, 1814, old Jules and his cousin again stood together at the fall of the winter day. Both were now old indeed. Jules was approaching ninety, Jean Martin had numbered four score and five. The world of their youth was long dead and buried under successive ruins. They had outlived seven forms of government, and seen changes of power, and glory, and faith; but except that the gray hair had grown snow white, and even the military erectness of Jules had bowed to time, there was little change in the cousins.

They had led hardy and temperate lives, and in consequence enjoyed that singular preservation of faculties which keeps the oldest age green. Both remembered the times of Louis XV., and



AN ITEM FROM THE INQUISITION.

which rested on a dark, spare youth of Italian features, grave, keen, and very discontented-looking, who had been one of the most earnest and active in the siege, till, in a fit of sudden disgust, he retired to the old apple-tree, and stood there surveying the proceedings of his comrades with silent but manifest contempt.

"He," said the porter, "is of no family at all—one of the patronised, you understand. He was born in Corsica, and don't know who sent him here; but the best descended boy at the college is not as ambitious as that boy. When he is not in command he is always in a quarrel with somebody, or standing alone as you see him now. The professor don't seem to think him clever, and the young noblemen try to keep him in his place, but it is wonderful how often he gets the upper hand. Just look at Caulincourt coaxing him back. That boy condescends so to his inferiors!"

The general of the besieging army was indeed making most inviting signals to the recusant of the apple-tree; but he answered loud enough for Jules and Jean to hear:

"No, you'll never take the place; you don't know the way. As I said before, give me the command, and I'll plant the colors on it in half an hour."

Caulincourt looked angry, but his soldiers began to talk. There was an evident inclination to try the new general. So he descended to the ranks in quiet indignation, and the young Italian literally jumped from the apple-tree to the post of power.

The besieged set up a shout of derision, but their scorn did not last. The new leader whispered his commands, altered the position of his army, and drew them into a sally, in which one division cut off the retreat, while another attacked the fortress, at a point hitherto untried, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Italian planted his colors, consisting of three old silk handkerchiefs tacked together, on the highest of its snowy battlements.

were high authorities in the topography of their native province. It was in the latter capacity they had been summoned from the wine-cellars of a ruined convent hard by the city wall, which had been the old men's latest habitation, to a large upper room in the château of Brienne, once a baron's banquet-hall, but now bare and dusty, with queer stains on the walls and floor, a great wood fire blazing on the hearth, a stray chair or two, and a table covered with papers, between which and the nearest window a man in a general's uniform, much the worse for wear, was walking backwards and forwards like one made restless by anxiety.

The old cousins knew that he was the emperor—people said of the world—but that was years ago, before the grand army marched for Russia. Now there was an allied army in the heart of France, pressing from all sides towards her capital, and fighting for every town and village on their way. That day the Russians had been driven out of Brienne after a desperate battle, but the bomb-shells from the French batteries had set fire to the old town; and when the place was won, half its streets, dwellings and churches, the town hall and the military college were so many heaps of black and smouldering ruins.

Among them the troops remained under arms, though snow lay deep on the surrounding country, and the previous day had been spent in a fatiguing march through the marshy forest of Jerre; but through the deepening gray of night there rose from hill and dale the glare of hostile watchfires. Blucher, with his mingled host of Germans, Russians and Cossacks, was there, for the day of decisive victories had passed from the French eagles. The imperial army was now but the broken remnants of many battles. The genius of its chief had been discovered not to be invincible, by all except himself. Yet even he could not rest, for the dread of gathering enemies, and the two-legged men had been summoned to his quarters in the château, to give some information concerning



SCRAPS OF HISTORY—THE SCHOLARS OF BRIENNE.

local byways, which maps did not supply, for a retreat had been determined on before the break of day.

All that the cousins could recollect of that interview was that the great commander's questions came quick and many. They had neither words nor memory to reply, for grief and consternation was upon them. Jean Martin had seen war before; both remembered the revolution, had lived through the reign of terror, and beheld the northern enemy in their own Brienne; but to see the old streets burned down, and the military college laid in ashes, was more than their white heads could bear without confusion.

"Caulincourt!" cried the impatient man of power, an ear-worn marshal entered, conducting a man whose dress belonged to civil life, and whose look was more thoughtful than soldiers are apt to wear. "Caulincourt! those old men have lost their wits, if they ever had any. Why do they bring such people to me? Who is this you have brought? Oh, I see, the protestant curé, whom we found in the forest. Well, monsieur le curé (and his tone imperceptibly softened), you made a capital guide, though not very willing to bear us company at first. Perhaps you never saw fighting before, and didn't care for being so near the cannon?"

"No, sire," said the curé, with a respectful bend, "that was not the reason; but I had been on my way to see a sick member of my scattered flock."

"Well, well, you will get back to your parish in good time and see them all," said the emperor; "but they say you know something of this country. Tell me all about it."

And once more the questions came fast and many. The results, however, were far more satisfactory, for the protestant curé answered not only so clearly, but in such good military phrase, that the imperial questioner declared he had some sense, and took him confidentially to the window to see Blucher's watchires. The curé had pointed out a narrow byway, which led beyond the enemy's position into the open country, and ventured to hint that a safe and quiet retreat might be thus secured. The emperor made no reply, but he took notes and gave orders to weary aides-de-camp who came and went; and at last, looking the curé steadily in the face as he was gazing involuntarily on the burned town, the war-wasted country, and the distant Prussian lines, he said:

"What is your name, and where did you get so much military knowledge?"

The room was silent: the great fire was burning red. Old Jules and Jean, kept in the vestibule lest they might be wanted, were leaning, half-asleep, against the wall, in charge of a tired attendant. Caulincourt set in the furthest corner of the room, fast asleep, and dreaming, perhaps, of his embassy to the allied sovereigns, and the notes that were sent to him every day to "sign nothing." The curé had been waiting for his dismissal, and was slightly startled, but he answered:

"My name, sire, is François d'Aubigny, and my military knowledge was acquired yonder," and he pointed to the still smouldering seminary.

"Ha!" said the emperor, whose memory was singularly strong at times, "you are then my old schoolfellow. I thought I knew your face. It is long ago. What in all the world made you turn pastor? You showed as much science in defending a snow fortress in that old garden, one day, as would have insured you a marshal's staff."

"Perhaps I did," said the curé; "but war is a fearful trade. A chance blow I gave a little schoolfellow that day first made me think so; and oh, sire, look at this burned town, this bloody country, and the dead that lie about us, and, if you can, give us peace."

The silence of the night, the scene, the circumstances, and the truth that had been spoken, strangely equalized the schoolfellow once more, in spite of history and fortune. They stood together as accountable men, with no other distinction between them. For a moment the dark, resolute face was fixed in a long gaze on the old college of his youth, burnt down by his own bombs. The next, it kindled up with self confidence and imperial pride.

"Yes, I will restore peace to France," he said, "by driving these invaders from her soil. Tomorrow I will destroy Blucher; on Wednesday, I will annihilate the Russians; on Saturday, the entire Austrian force will join me; and within a month the allies will be too happy to recross the Rhine, with the loss of cannon and baggage. As for this town, I will rebuild and make it a provincial capital. I will erect a palace, a college, and, perhaps, a church on the ground of your old garden. Then you will see what this country will become. But, good-night. Victor will send you safe to your parish, and I will not forget your services."

So the curé was dismissed, and the French army retreated before daybreak. But Blucher was not annihilated, neither were the Russians destroyed. The palace, the college, and the church were never built, and most people know how peace was restored to France and Europe. But old Jules, even to his ninety-fifth, and Jean Martin to his eighty-ninth year, lived, they said, comfortably in the old quarters, and continued to tell all listeners a broken story, better known to some of the ancient citizens, concerning one of their great emperor's fellow-students, who forgot the art of war, to be the humble, laborious pastor of a forest parish, through which he once guided the march of his famous schoolfellow, witnessed what was almost his last victory, and talked with him over the burnt ruins of Brienne.

A FAITHFUL TERRIER AND THE DOG TAX.

The Edinburgh correspondent of the Ayrshire Express sends that journal the following story of canine fidelity:

"I may give you an instance of taxation which I think is in itself much more oppressive than any annual burden we have in the city. It is a dog tax case. Not that I object in the least to the dog tax, because were it not in existence we should be perfectly overrun with the nasty curse; I only object in this particular instance. Nearly six years ago a terrier dog was found lying under a horizontal gravestone in Old Greyfriars graveyard, Edinburgh—the burial ground in connection with the church presided over by Dr. Robert Lee. The poor brute had evidently been there some days, and although exhausted with hunger and thirst, viciously refused to be removed. It was coaxed with milk and other canine luxuries, and through the kindness and attention of the gravediggers was soon in a position to run about; but it resolutely refused to leave the kirkyard. There had been a number of funerals from the country for some days prior to that on which the dog was observed, and it was believed that the dog's master had been among

the number laid under the sod; but whether it came no one could tell. From that day to this 'Bob,' for such is the name he gets, has remained in Greyfriars' Kirk-yard. He sleeps in it every night, and spends most of his time in it during the day."

"During the inclement winter the year before last, Sergeant Scott, of the Royal Engineers, one of Bob's best friends, got him coaxed into his house for a night or two; but the dog was evidently unhappy, and soon returned to his quiet quarters under the tombstone. Bob got to know the sergeant's dinner hour to a minute. With military precision he would meet him at George IV. Bridge at a certain hour each day, go home with him, and share his dinner. In the afternoon, when Sergeant Scott prepared to return to the office, Bob would give him a 'Sooth convey' a short distance beyond Greyfriars, give a farewell wag or two with his tail, and trot away back to the graveyard. But Bob spends his favors among his acquaintances, and one of them is on the present occasion to be victimized in the dog tax."

"Mr. Trail, a highly respectable refreshment-room keeper in the vicinity of Old Greyfriars, is very kind to Bob, and for his kindness he has received intimation that he must pay 12 shillings sterling—12 shillings for the 'faithful terrier' occasionally visiting the refreshment-room to supply the cravings of hunger? This is surely too bad. As well assess the publican in the vicinity, who supplies Bob with good things; or the baker, who now and again gives him a bun or a biscuit; or any one of the poor dog's numerous friends; for the longer he lives—and Bob is getting old—he gathers the more friends around him."

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